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The CATSKILL MOUNTAINS

THE MOST
PICTURESQUE
MOUNTAIN REGION
ON THE GLOBE

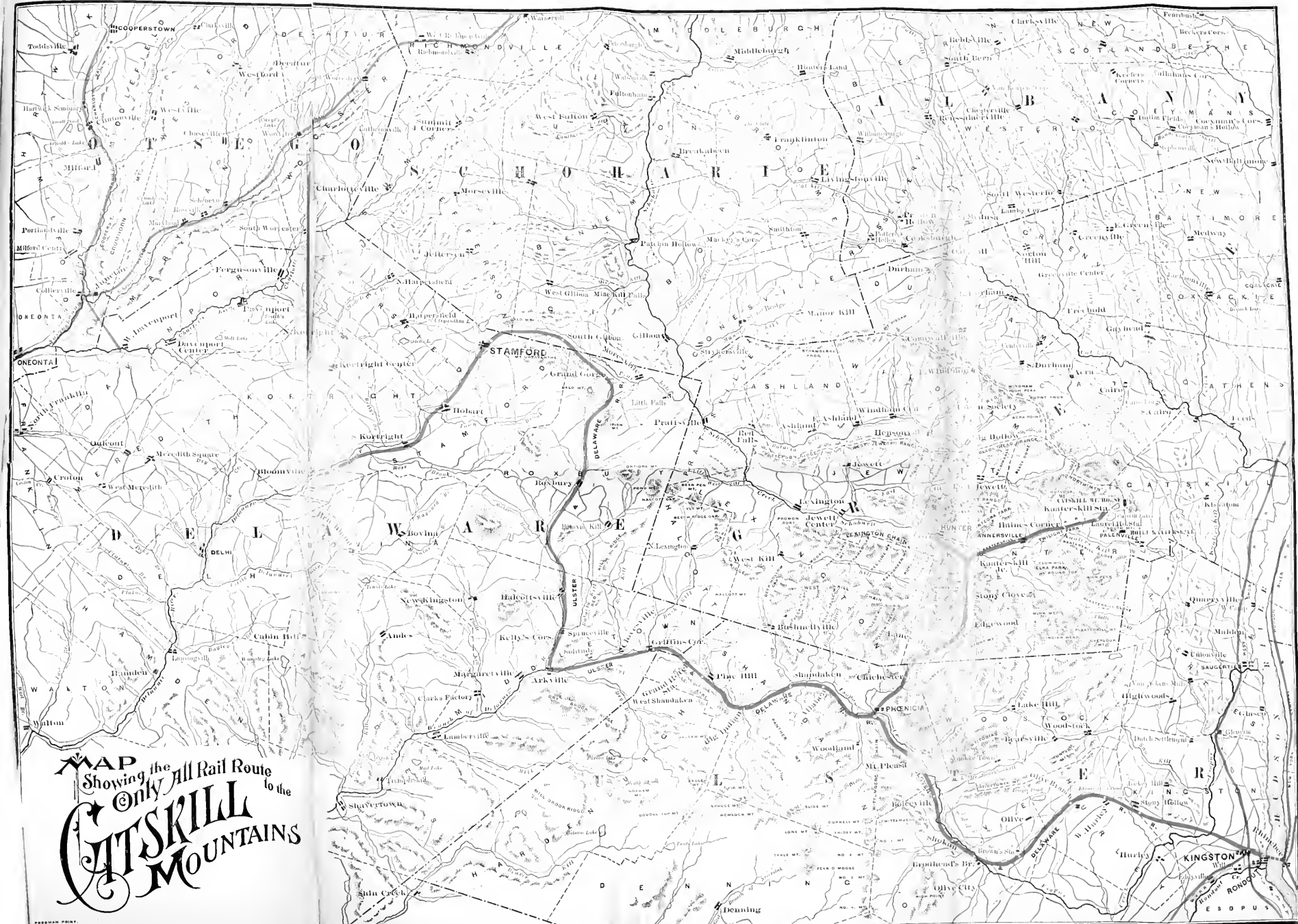
Wester & Delaware
RR







MAP
Showing the All Rail Route
to the
CATSKILL
MOUNTAINS







VIEW FROM TOP OF S. TAIN.

1894.

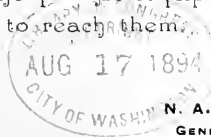
CATSKILL MOUNTAINS

The Most Picturesque Mountain Region
on the Globe.

Albany & Delaware Railroad

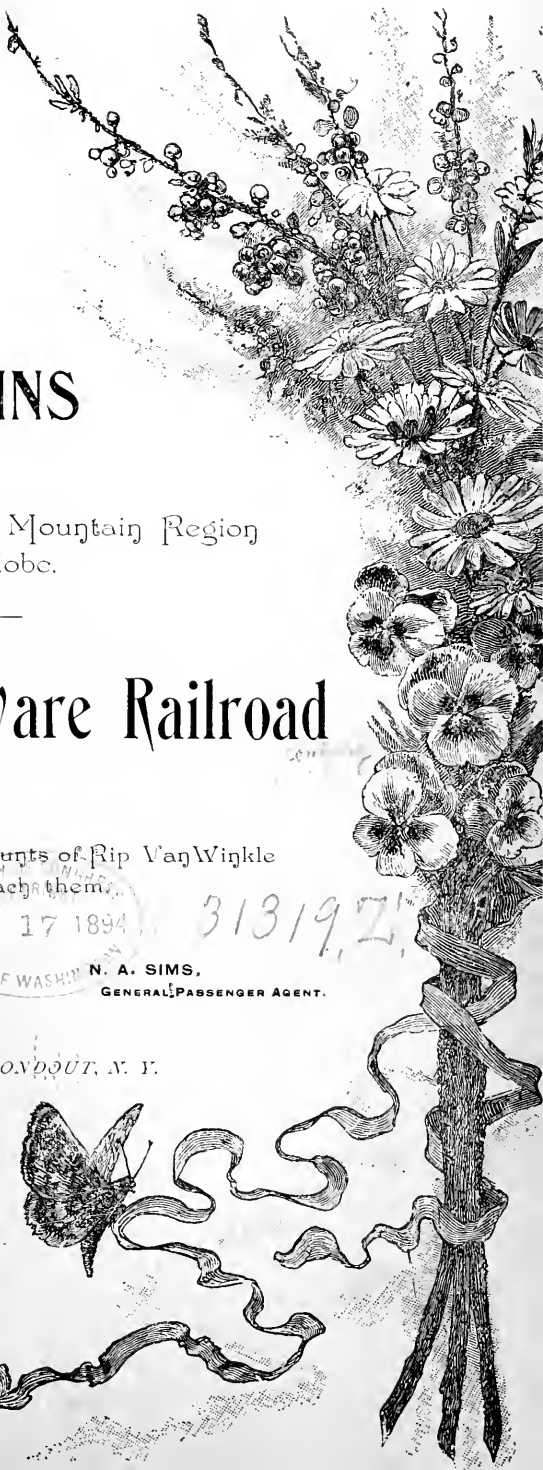
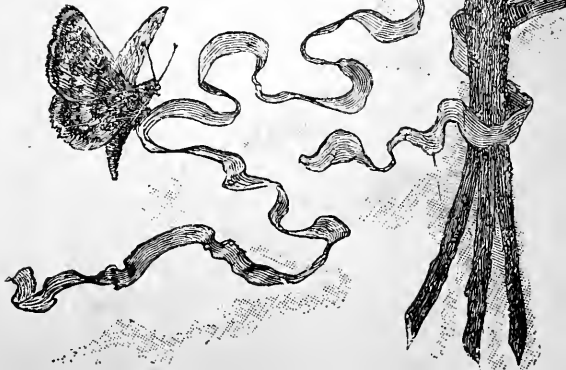
Matter Descriptive of the Haunts of Rip Van Winkle
and how to reach them.

J. H. JONES,
GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT.



N. A. SIMS,
GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT.

GENERAL OFFICES, ROUNDOUT, N. Y.



THIS book is issued by the Passenger Department of the Ulster & Delaware Railroad Company. It is devoted to descriptive matter pertaining to the Catskill Mountains: their structure, history and development as a Summer Resort; the sanitary advantages of summer life in the dry air of high mountain regions; the absolute need of rest and vacation for the busy workers in city and town; the scenic beauties and wildwood charms so lavishly spread for the delectation of every visitor. It also contains much general information regarding the leading points of interest throughout the range; what and where they are, how to reach them and what to look for. In fact, it is an accurate guide-book to the regions reached by the mountain railways.



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N. A. SIMS, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT,
ULSTER & DELAWARE R. R.



With the exception of the points reached by the railroads, the altitudes given in this book are in accordance with Prof. Guyot, who was the first to make accurate measurements of the Catskills a few years ago. The heights given by other authorities will be found somewhat greater in nearly every case.

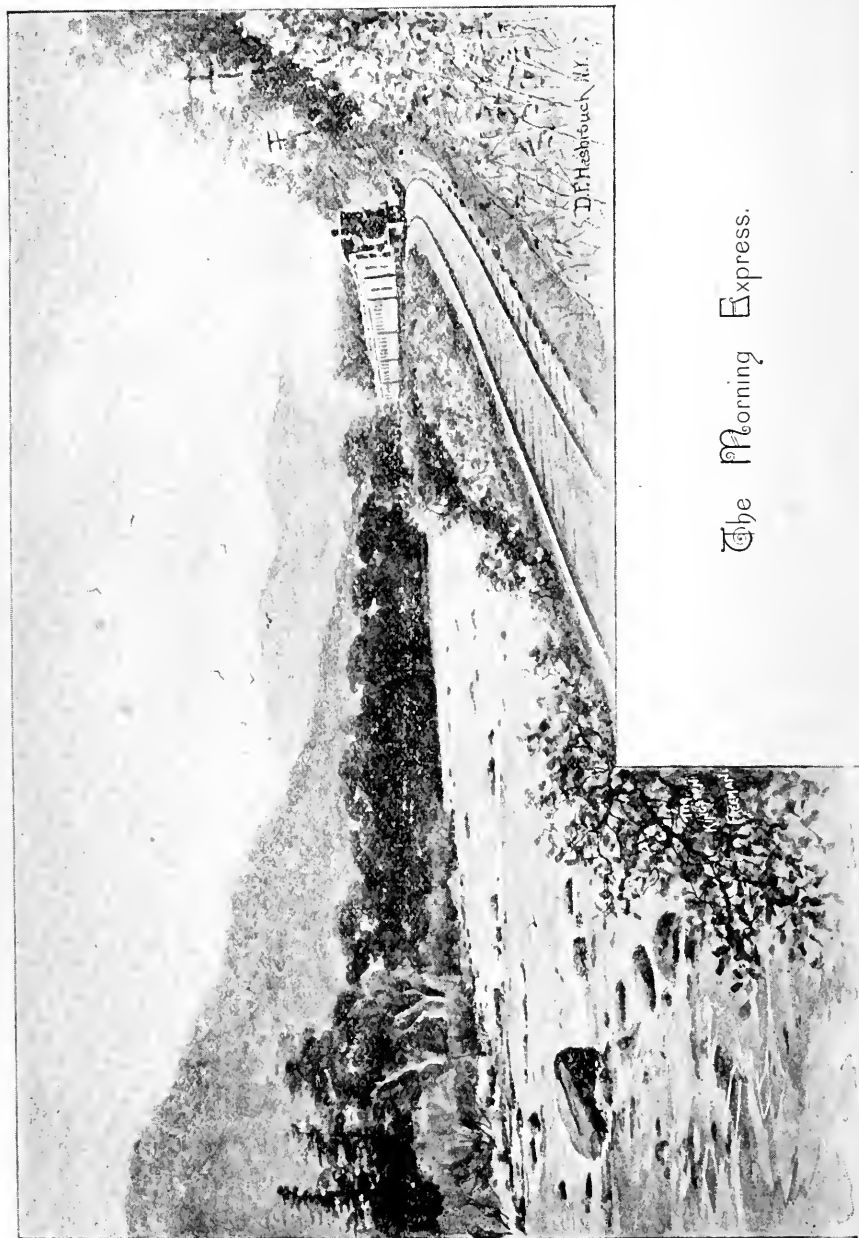
Press of
The Kingston Freeman,
Rondout, N. Y.

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In Summer Time.

"The Statesman, Lawyer, Merchant, man of Trade,
Pants for the refuge of some rural shade,
Where all his long anxieties forgot
Amid the charms of a sequester'd spot,
Or recollected only to gild o'er
And add a smile to what was sweet before,
He may possess the joys he thinks he sees,
Lay his old age upon the lap of Ease,
Improve the remnant of his wasted span,
And having lived a Trifler, die a man."

THE wisdom and value of the annual summer rest is no longer a subject of question requiring any extended demonstration. Originating in a mere social fad, to gratify the demands of wealth, or satisfy the insatiable longings of those who rarely become tired, it has now become a hygienic necessity in the physical and mental economy of man which we can ignore only at our peril. If earlier generations knew nothing of summer vacations, or found little need of them, it was because they took more time to live and labored more deliberately and leisurely than we do to-day. They took life with all its duties and enjoyments by the day, while we take it by contract, as it were. The pressure of individual effort in the frail arteries of human existence is far greater now than it was then. As the human family increases in number, strife and competition grow more active. Men think faster and work harder, and women are tempted by the alluring results of larger and more congenial effort. All this demands careful conservation of vital force and greater economy and discretion in the management of this complex and wondrous human organism so largely in our control. Like a steam engine and boiler which, in addition to the regular supply of water and fuel, must have periodical repairs, so with man. An abundant supply of food and clothes must be supplemented by days and weeks of relaxation and recreation in which to regain lost strength and vitality.



The Morning Express.

Few, indeed, will seek to curtail or abate the noble energies and activities that so proudly characterize the time in which we live. It is an ambitious age, when grand human achievements are jostling each other on the pages of current history. But those who stand day after day, and month after month, engrossed and distracted amid the labor, turmoil and vexatious hum of business life—many of these busy thousands often neglect to heed timely warnings and go down suddenly under the strain of continuous work. The flabby muscles, the hollow cheeks, the feeble respiration and the exhausted brain, all these indicate that a breathing spell out of town and away from business is imperative. A breath of nature at her best, uncontaminated by the dregs of city civilization, is a wonderful panacea for the weary and enervated worker of the town.

Another aspect of the value of a summer vacation is almost as important to every class as that already presented, and even more so to those not overburdened with cares and occupations. This is the need of change; change of scene, thought and action. In short, the interruption of monotonous routine, whether it be in the line of restless activity, dignified leisure or consuming idleness. The desire for change is always a dominant impulse in the human breast. While the gratification of all these desires is quite impossible, and would prove unwise in any event, still to ignore any reasonable wish which may be possible to satisfy is sure to be an injustice to ourselves. If, then, so many thousands get sick and tired of brick and mortar, desks and ledgers, counters and drawing-rooms, elevated cars and blistering pavements, why not run out among the hills, the rocks, the green trees and fields, the fresh air and unadulterated sunshine, where the brooks, the birds and the leaves whisper in peaceful symphony? Nature writes the prescription and compounds the ingredients.

For all this she makes no charge. But if we refuse the remedy she is sure to demand the penalty. Why should we decline the delicious and delightful re-vitalizing draught?

The time for this vacation depends upon the climate in which one lives. In the cities of the temperate zones summer is the most enticing season in the country, and the most repulsive and unendurable in the

city. Your wife is sick and tired of society and town gayety, the children long for the annual romp amid the green hills and valleys, and the frolic on the grass which is not under police protection. The whole family is gasping for fresh air and the country. The demon Malaria threatens if you tarry, and the risk of delay is dangerous to assume. Thus it is, and wisely, that people pack up the necessary wearing apparel, and go to the mountains. Then, after a month or two of real country life, they return with renewed courage and vigor, which is applied to their customary vocations more effectually than ever. Home seems to have new attractions, or there is better mood to appreciate them, and many of the old vexations and tribulations are forgotten.

The best time to start for the country and how long to remain are among the details which must always be governed largely by circumstances. Of late the tendency has been to leave the city early in summer and remain late in autumn. Thus the vacation season, in the mountains at least, has been materially extended. Surely the country is never more lovely than it is in June, and James Russell Lowell's famous challenge, made nearly thirty years ago, "What is so rare as a day in June?" is yet unanswered.

Nature spreads her freshest and most enchanting charms during this short month, which everybody, except the doctors and the icemen, would gladly see extended over into July and August. Even May is often very pleasant out of town. Trout are ripe then, and it is a good time to whip the mountain streams for exercise, sport and fish. Then, again, the easel of early autumn glows with golden, gorgeous beauty which is all its own. Not a single June ingredient could improve an ideal September or October day, when

"We gather leaves of a thousand dyes,
Speckled with crimson, spotted with green,
And shaded with hues from Paradise."

Where to Go.

"I must away to wooded hills and vales,
Where sparkling streams flow cool and silently,
And green fields wait for me."

"There every bush with Nature's music rings,
There every breeze bears health upon its wings."

THIS is a question which is often decided too quickly and carelessly. A few circulars from the leading resorts and a hasty comparison of prices and the halcyon advantages and luxuries offered, usually constitute the preliminaries. But the exercise of a little common sense will show that this is a subject of serious importance. The monetary aspect of the summer vacation, though very essential to consider, should not be allowed to overshadow the main object for which the rest is sought. What manner of change do I need? Where can I get the best and most revivifying lung food? Where shall I enjoy myself the best for the money I have to spend on this summer jaunt for repairs? Questions like these should largely govern the choice of places. Years ago, when our American summer resorts were so very few and comparatively inaccessible, it was easy enough to decide which of the two or three would be likely to prove the least undesirable. "How long is the stage ride?" was the vital question. This tedious method of travel is now practically abandoned, and yet the subject is far more complex than ever, because of the unlimited number of resorts and the varied and bewildering attractions which are set forth with so much fascinating emphasis by the enterprising owners. But the query comes up for decision every year, Where shall I go?

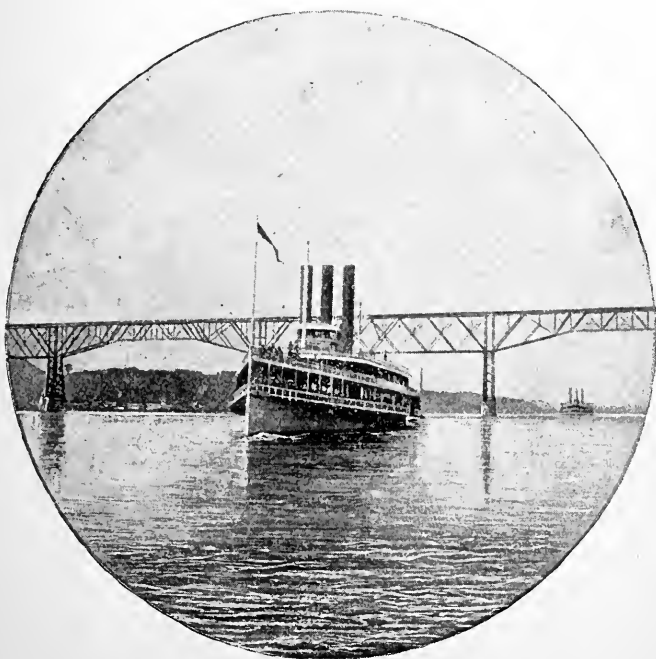
As the vast majority who most need the summer vacation live in the great cities which are located on or near the coast, like New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore, and as the primary object sought is a radical change of air, it is clearly apparent

that the mountain regions offer the most appropriate conditions for the fullest enjoyment and benefit attending the average summer sojourn. For those whose lung diet for ten months in the year is impregnated with the salty humidity of old ocean, to spend their money and time in an extended vacation at the beach, rolling in the saliferous sand or cavorting in the briny surf, seems quite unwise. This fact is becoming better understood of late; hence the increasing favor of the higher attitudes away from the sea as a summer abode, which has been so marked.

Here among the mountains we may escape the saturating, blistering heat of the dirty town and live in salubrious comfort and positive happiness all summer long. Being above the denser strata of cumulus or rain-cloud, the skies are brighter than those of the valley or plain. The air is pure, strong and dry, and the cool breezes of the green hills are freighted with those mystic and delightfully invigorating influences which no chemist has ever yet succeeded in analyzing. In fact, the old notion of attributing all the beneficial effects to health consequent upon mountain life to the reduced temperature, has of late years been found erroneous. Recent investigations by medical scientists show that there are other important ingredients in this favorite mountain prescription. An eminent doctor, writing of health resorts, treats of temperature as affected by elevation; the effect of temperature upon the amount of oxygen in a given quantity of air; humidity as affected by altitude; the proportion of atmospheric electricity and ozone; and kindred influences found to exist in the upper aerial regions. At an elevation of 3000 feet, a cubic foot of air at 32 degrees Fahrenheit is found to contain as much oxygen as the same volume of air at sea-level, at a temperature of 65 degrees. Even at the Equator life is pleasant at high altitudes. There is thus no loss of the life-giving oxygen by ascent. Cool air can be found at the sea-shore and other low situations, but it is made cool and endurable only by condensation and moisture and not by the rarefying process peculiar to the distilleries of upper air. Hence those afflicted with rheumatism, consumptive or bronchial tendencies, asthma, malaria, nervous disorders, or anything akin to these maladies, will be wise in seeking the mountains. Those who are yet free from disease should take no unnecessary risks.

The lofty mountains in their sublime silence, like the stars that bejewel the celestial dome above them, without speech or voice, are ever eloquent in their Creator's praise. Here the human mind is led to consider its relations with its Maker. Here, standing above the turmoils of the world, man may compare all his boasted achievements of ages with the mighty spectacle of earth and sky which now fills his soul with awe and impresses him anew with his own comparative insignificance. Made in a day, the towering crags grow in beauty and grandeur as the cycles of eternity roll silently on.

"They come! the merry summer months of beauty, song and flowers
They come! the glad some months that bring thick leafiness to bowers,
Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad; fling work and care aside:
Seek silent hills, and rest thyself where crystal waters glide;
Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,
Seen through its leaves the cloudless sky is rapt tranquillity."



HUDSON RIVER LINE STEAMERS, PASSING UNDER POUGHKEEPSIE BRIDGE.



The Great Slide
Mountain,
The highest of the
Catskill Range.



Over 4200 feet
above
Tide Water.

The Catskill Mountains.

"Like mighty thinkers, there they stand
Above the soft, green pasture land;
Those grand, calm heights, like sages, hold
Such treasures heaped from times of old;
Unquenched the living waters flow
Which verdure brings to fields below."

WITH the brilliant record of the Catskill range as a summer resort, reaching back over twenty-five years, it would be natural to assume that little need be said now as to just where and what it is. Yet such an assumption would be hasty and inaccurate, and this book would be incomplete unless proper reference were made to the location and structure of this most interesting mountain group. This will appear evident in view of the fact that its visitors are no longer confined to the residents of a single State or nation, but come from every corner of the civilized world.

Another reason for printing the brief paragraphs which appear under this title is to remove the strange notion that the Catskills are in danger of becoming a suburb of New York City. Overheated city journalists, who were condemned to think and write in their hot sanctums were guilty of heralding this brilliant injustice. The railroads have indeed done wonders for this famous mountain locality, but they never can remove a single one of the ninety or more statute miles which separate the charming region from that great metropolis of the western world. The romantic Catskills will never be annexed to New York City; nor shall their picturesque wildness and native grandeur ever be sacrificed or lost in the dissolving shadows of men's ideas in brick and mortar. The shades of Rip Van Winkle forbid!

The Catskill Mountains form a spur of the Appalachian system, which stretches along the entire Atlantic coast from Maine to Alabama. Their trend is from southeast to northwest, or at right angles to that of all the other mountain groups in this system. The mountains proper cover a superficial area of about two thousand four hundred square

miles. Ninety miles from the mouth of the Hudson River, and from eight to ten miles back from the western shore, they rise abruptly from the base over three thousand feet in the air. The various mountain peaks, which are almost innumerable, differ from each other in physical structure and plastic form. As a whole they are quite unlike ordinary mountain formations in a geological aspect, being masses of piled-up strata in the original horizontal position, instead of the usual folds or fragments of arches. Originally their form is believed to have been that of a high plateau or mass of elevations. Glacial action is clearly indicated; at least thirteen distinct visitations of this mighty propelling force peculiar to the early ages of the world's history have been traced, and the angle of direction recorded.

The natural system of drainage here presented is worthy of notice. The entire drainage for the interior highlands of the Catskills proper is provided by the Schoharie Creek and its tributaries. Strangely enough



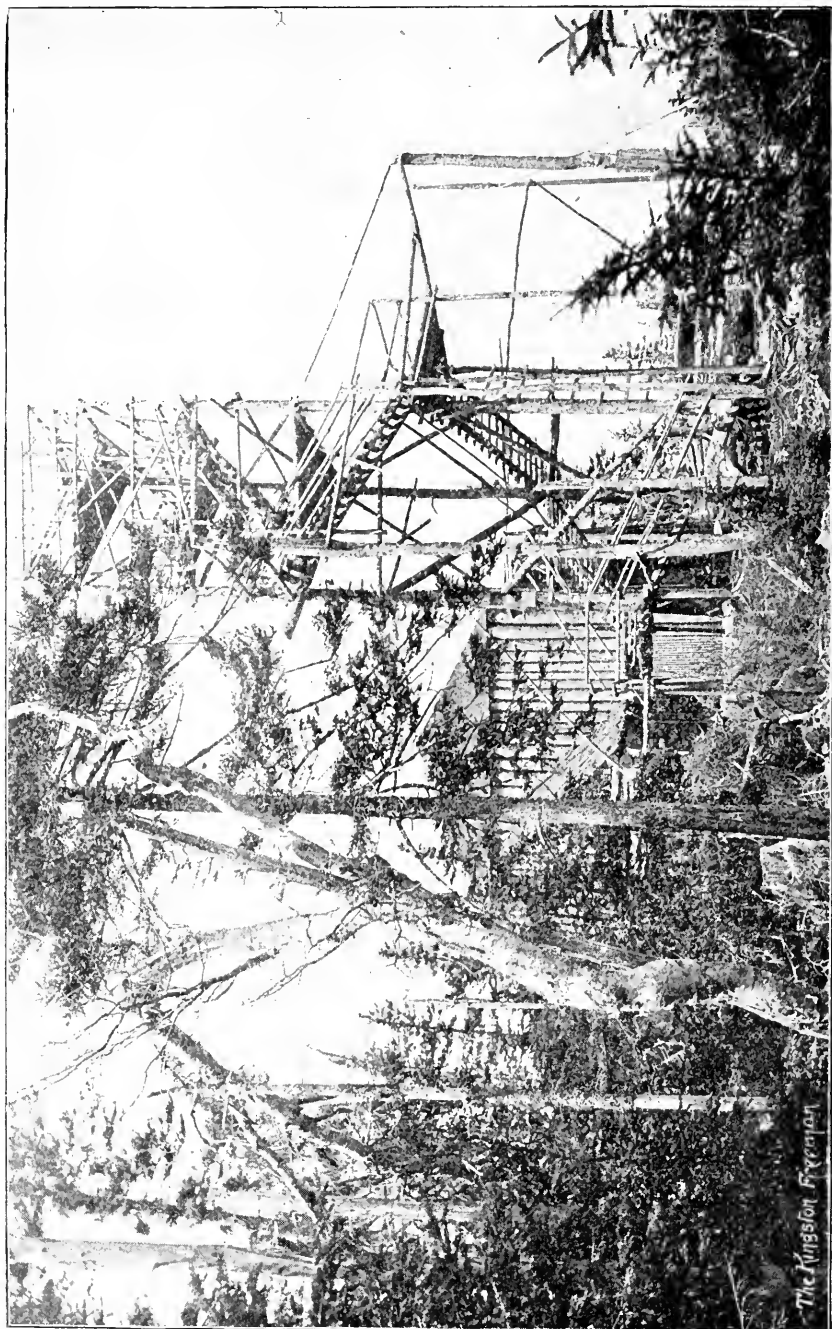
TROUT STREAM NEAR GRAND HOTEL STATION.

these streams carry the water all the way around to the Mohawk River, and thence to the Hudson, one hundred and seventy-five miles from the starting point, which is in fact only eight or ten miles in a direct line from the Hudson some sixty miles south of Albany, where it receives the discharge of the Mohawk.

This erratic group of mountains is full of interest to geologists and scientists in general. These vast masses of conglomerate are found to present all the conditions of a huge pile of quicksand as it existed just prior to conversion into stone. The inherent tendency to slide is plainly seen on Slide Mountain, the Overlook and at various other points in the range. Professor Arnold Guyot, who has made more careful and scientific investigation and personal observation of the Catskills than any other man, believes that the surface of the earth in prehistoric ages had tenfold more water upon it than we find now. Thus in the physical epoch of antediluvian times, water was the great agent in causing these mountain slides.

The theory of an original high plateau, which is now generally accepted by scientific investigators who have visited the range, seems amply established by the confirmatory facts published by Dr. Guyot about twelve years ago. This important evidence was the result of some seventeen summers' investigation and study by the noted scientist. His observations on Slide Mountain alone, the highest and one of the most interesting peaks of the entire group, were of the greatest import.

But after adopting the most careful theories suggested by science and investigation, regarding the formation and structure of this interesting mountain group, both student and savant will find ample scope for ingenious conjecture and rampant speculation.



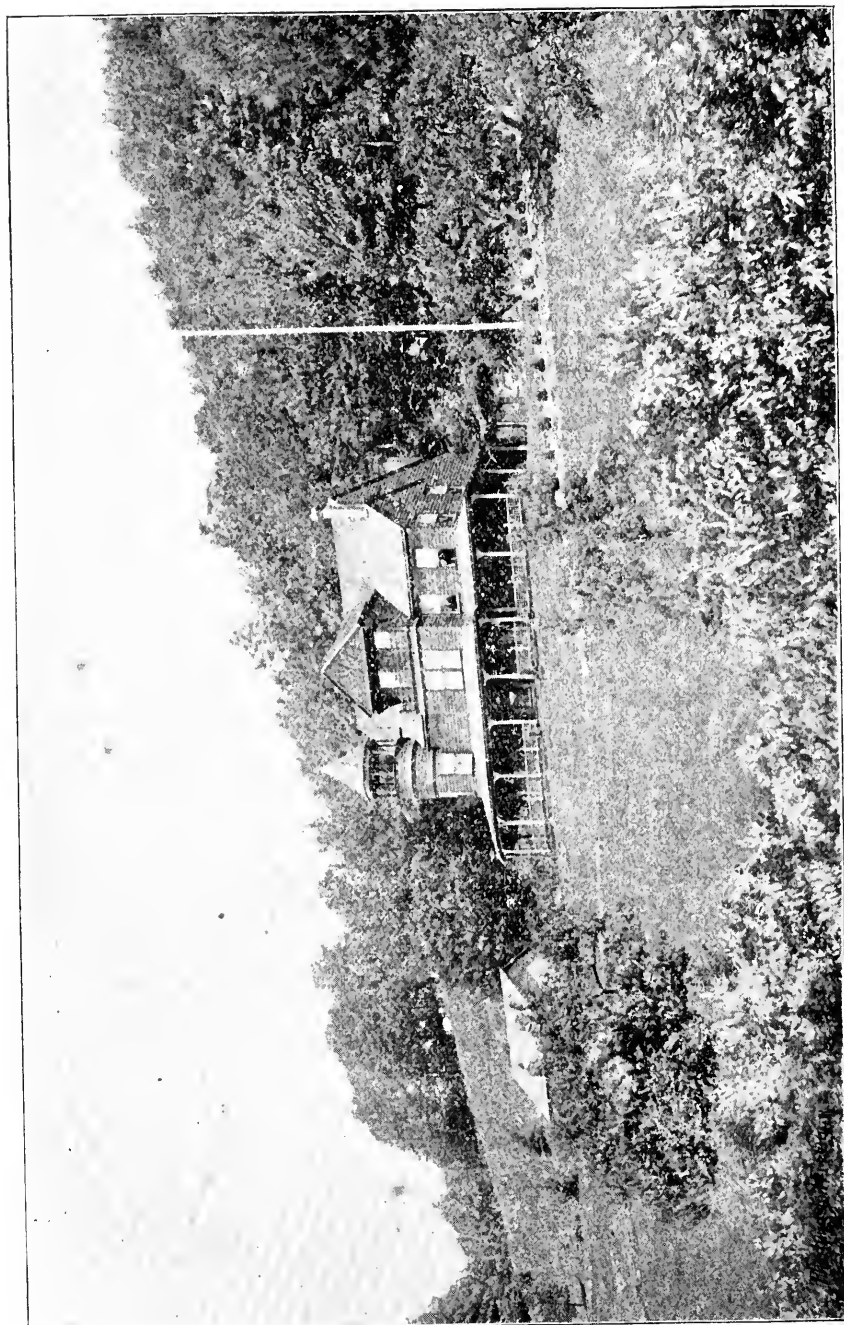
The Kingston Freyman

Legendary and Historic.

NOTHING is known concerning the primeval history of this charming mountain region or its people. Indeed, the record of the seventeenth, and even the early portion of the eighteenth century is so fragmentary and incomplete that we are led to suspect that the chroniclers of that period were in prophetic league with the famous author of *Rip Van Winkle*, who was to appear upon the scene with his magic pen and realistic imagination twenty-five years later, or with the immortal creator of "*Leather-Stocking*," the most eloquent woodsman that ever lived. Even the voice of tradition ventures cautiously in the corridors of the remote and pre-historic past. But if anything were needed to invest the locality with additional enchantment and interest it would be most effectually supplied by these very facts. The embers of speculation are ever ready for the rekindling influences of such favoring romantic conditions.

Just who it was who first sailed up this beautiful Hudson River—called by the Indians "*Cohohatatia*," meaning River of the Mountains—seems of late to be a matter of some doubt. The fact that the celebrated navigators Verrazano and Gomez were at least at the mouth of the river nearly a hundred years before Hendrick Hudson arrived there in his "*Half Moon*" is now well established, and it is highly probable that even they were antedated by other explorers. Verrazano says: "We took the boat, and, entering the river, we found the country on its banks well peopled, the inhabitants not differing much from the others, being dressed out with feathers of birds of various colors." This was in 1524.

But, without stopping further to analyze the priority of Hudson's claim, it is sufficient to note here that in 1609, when he first ventured up the noble stream in his curious Dutch ship, he was attracted by these great hills against the sky, and cast his anchor for a short inspection. He went ashore and was hospitably received and entertained by



the Iroquois Indians, who were then in possession of the region. They took the navigator and his small party of sailors into a large hut, which had an external covering of oak bark. In this rude structure was stored their harvest of corn and beans. Mats were spread on the ground floor of the hut, and upon these the Dutch sailors sat to partake of food from a huge wooden bowl or tray. The Indians afterward killed a fattened dog in honor of the great event, and to tempt the appetites of their white visitors. It was a notable visit, and the sturdy sailors seem to have been in no hurry about returning to the ship.

Would that a picture of that quaint scene could be presented on this page, but unfortunately there was no artist "on the spot," and the kodak had not yet been invented.

Then for sixty-nine years the records are practically silent regarding the Catskills. But on the eighth day of July, 1678, a company of Dutch and English gentlemen assembled at the Stadt Huis in Albany, where they met Mahak-Neminaw, the ruling Indian chief, and six leading representatives of his tribe. Here, after a lengthy and curious conference with the noted red men of the forest, the purchase of a large portion of this mountain region was effected. In consideration of certain trinkets and trifles of stupendous value to the Indian eye, the title, with its curious hieroglyphics, was passed. Soon after this the aboriginal owners of the "Onteoras" (hills of the sky) seem to have gradually disappeared from the locality.

The untutored red men regarded these mountains with peculiar solemnity and a feeling of superstitious awe. They looked upon these gigantic hills as the abode of a great and powerful Spirit who controlled the elements of earth, made the sun, moon and stars anew each day, and in a large measure governed the universe. But the early Dutch settlers, who immediately succeeded the Indians, called the high mountain peaks "Keykouts" (lookouts or overlooks), where the spirit of the intrepid navigator dwelt and watched over the noble river which has since borne his name. There is a wealth of Indian lore and Dutch tradition which is readily adapted to the fertile fancies of the skilled romancer in dealing with this region. But these are practi-

cal pages devoted to another purpose And yet all this has made the Catskill region an enchanted shadow-land of legend and romance, and thus it will be handed down to the end of time The mystic halo which Irving and Cooper spread around the Catskill Mountains is destined to outlive the towering crags themselves. The brush-marks of their eloquent imagination are as fresh to-day as when first they fell upon the pliant canvas of the future.



A SCENE NEAR THE FAMOUS STONY CLOVE.

Scenic Beauty.

IN native grandeur and picturesque and diversified landscapes the Catskills are not surpassed by any mountain region on the globe. "What see you when you get there?" "Creation," said Natty, pointing to the highest crag in the range.

Hear the noted hunter as he proceeds with his graphic description: "I was on that hill when Vaughn burnt 'Sopus in the last war, and I seen the vessels come out of the Highlands as plainly as I can see that lime-scow moving into the Susquehanna, though one was twenty times further from me than the other. The river was in sight for seventy miles under my feet, looking like a curled shaving, though it was eight long miles to its banks. I saw the hills in the Hampshire grants, the Highlands of the river, and all that God had done, or man can do, as far as the eye could reach; and as for 'Sopus the day the royal troops burnt the town, the smoke seemed so nigh that I thought I could hear the screeches of the women. If being the best part of a mile in the air, and having views of farms and houses at your feet, with rivers looking like ribbons, and mountains seeming to be hay-stacks of green grass under you, gives any satisfaction to a man, I can recommend the spot. When I first came into the woods to live I used to have weak spells, and I felt lonesome, and then I would go into the Catskills and spend a few days on that hill to look at the ways of man."

Look at the mighty crags as they rise three and four thousand feet in the air. Their massive, precipitous slopes clothed in cyclopean mantles of living green, each leaf performing its unerring function in the economy of Nature, and whispering its little rôle in the great terrestrial symphony of the universe. See the gigantic ribs of rock which protrude from the flesh of the mountain here and there, like titanic fortresses against the assaults of ages; these tangled emerald slopes upon which the sunshine and shadows of centuries have chased each

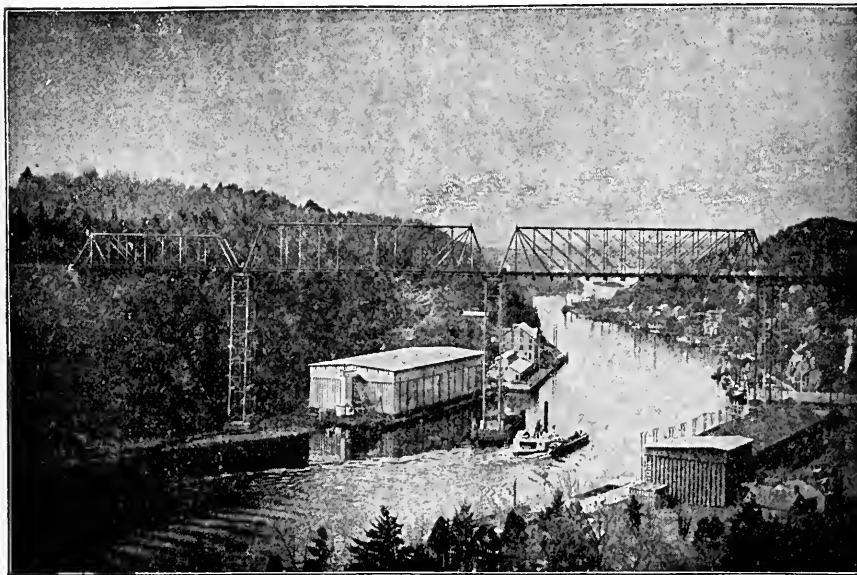


The Kingston Freeman

other in cosmic glee. Go down into the enchanting cañons, dark, deep and cool; the wild and rocky gorges where the shimmering trout streams babble melodiously among the gnarled roots, the mossy boulders and smooth pebbles, to the echoing refrain of the beetling walls of mountain which surround them. Listen to the mellow cadence of Nature's breath as it floats in upon your ear fresh from the verdant throat of the mountain. Nor sight nor sound mars nor disturbs the peaceful harmony of this arcadian realm. Look up yonder toward the head of the gorge where the sparkling water, tired of threading its winding way through many a rocky gulch, weary of its lazy, dreamy life among the stones and roots of quiet pools, suddenly leaps madly, beautifully over the precipice, down, down, hundreds of feet, to the bottom of the gorge in which you stand. See the slender scarf as it leaves the jutting table-rock and breaks into a sheeny shower of fleecy foam in its downward plunge, sending up a misty spray which bedews the surrounding foliage and paints the rainbow amid the sunbeams. Climb to the breezy crests that crown these lofty crags. Here among the clouds you are brought in contact with new and wondrous atmospheric phenomena. The filmy vapor flits up the mountain side, and scuds past your cheeks on the wings of the wind. Enveloped now as amid an ocean, with no sound or hint of life, anon the veil is lifted, the sun looks down upon you and the checkered valley slumbers in marvelous beauty at your feet. Or, sit upon this colossal boulder, dropped as a pebble from some mighty hand, and watch the gathering fury of a storm.

Again, at daybreak, as the sun peers over the eastern horizon and glints the sleeping landscape with amber and gold, a rolling mass of clouds will be seen to cover the valley thousands of feet below, while the air and sky above are clear and blue. Anon, as the vapor begins to scatter in sublime commotion under the rays of the rising sun, the scene becomes indescribably beautiful. Many an artist has tried to enchain upon his canvas these early morning scenes of the cloud-mantled valley. Then the fleeting, angry showers of mid-day, which so often gather, break and finish their noisy, bustling career far below, while you are basking in the placid sunshine of the mountain-top.

Again, in the evening twilight, as the receding sun bathes the earth in tranquil glory and paints his transient banner in the sky, you watch in silent admiration. All this beauty, and vastly more which human pen is powerless to describe, is freely spread for the summer sojourner in these mountains. Who can afford to miss the feast?



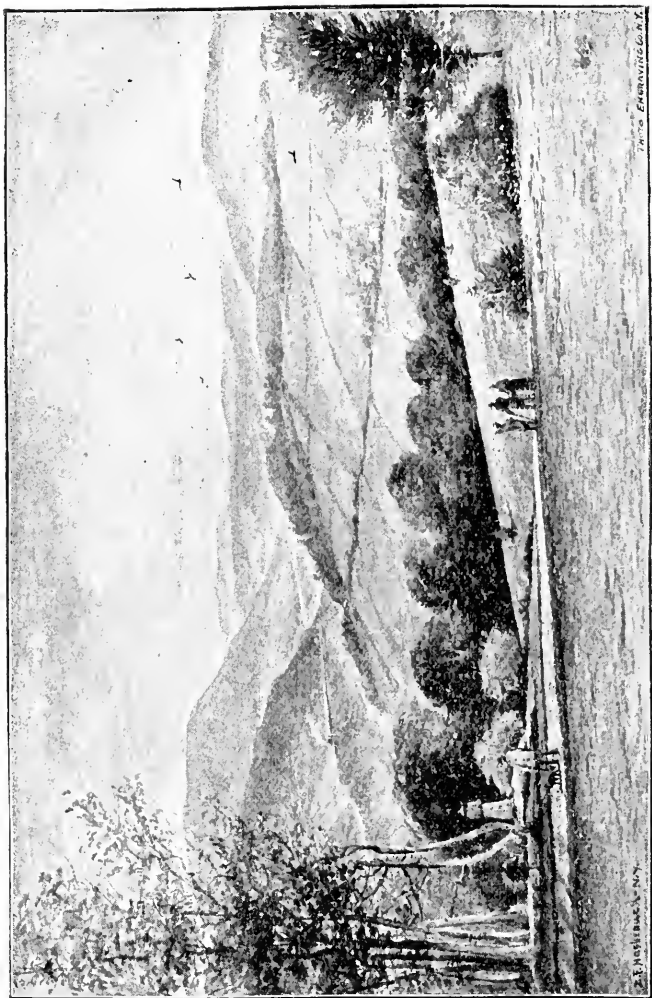
THE GREAT WEST SHORE R. R. BRIDGE OVER THE RONDOUT CREEK.

The Sanitary Advantages.

AMONG all the charms and attractions so lavishly spread for the enjoyment and pleasure of every visitor to the Catskills, none other is quite so valuable and beneficial as the pure, invigorating air. If every other desirable feature were absent, this attribute alone would make the region especially desirable for summer life. For without health, how could we enjoy the scenery or any other portion of the mountain menu? For breathing purposes the Catskills are unsurpassed and rarely equalled. Here the exhausted workers of city and plain may drink in new vitality at every breath, and thus strengthen if not indeed prolong their days. The Adirondacks and other more distant resorts, being at a lower elevation, have been found less beneficial in their healthful influences.

As one ascends the breezy Catskills the exhilarating invigoration is plainly felt. The strong air of the upper altitudes seems to rummage around through the lungs, and to uncover a few millions of unexplored or disused cells, the existence of which was never before suspected. At this your whole system proceeds at once to celebrate the discovery with a grand hygienic jubilee, which you have no wish to restrain.

As already intimated on a previous page, the sanitary advantages of the summer vacation among the most favorable atmospheric conditions is distinctly a modern discovery. Possibilities of this nature were frequently suspected and even hinted at, but the benefits were most imperfectly understood and quite unappreciated. To escape the burning heat and humid oppression of the cities, and flee to the cool mountain for rest and sleep, was regarded as highly pleasing and enjoyable. But it is only within a few years that the full measure of hygienic advantage afforded by a summer home among the mountains has been properly realized, and even now there is a vast deal more to learn on this very important subject. The mere exchange of sea-shore



LOOKING INTO DELAWARE COUNTY FROM GRAND HOTEL GROUNDS.

for mountain air, while highly beneficial in itself, does not embrace nor explain all the advantages which are found to result. Eminent medical writers are now devoting most careful thought to this subject. Hence the first question of every intelligent seeker of rest and vigor now is, "Where shall I get the best air?"

There is a delightful dryness in the air of the higher Catskills which is inimical to pulmonary affections, and this same quality is found highly beneficial to all enervated persons who live rapidly or work exhaustively in the field of business activity. One can sit on the breezy verandas up here, feel cool and even cold, without danger, so dry and pure is the air. Indeed, a brisk walk on these broad platforms in the early morning, and again in the evening, cold and breezy as it may appear, is worth a whole ton of doctors' prescriptions or patent medicines. Then, too, the perturbed soul will find a soothing, pacifying influence in this natural pharmacy of the skies which is easier to enjoy than define. There is a quiet solemnity pervading the atmosphere which impresses the visitor so deeply that he actually forgets to worry and fret over his cares and responsibilities for the time. This is not an imaginary picture; thousands have sat upon these rugged rocks and enjoyed the realization of it all.

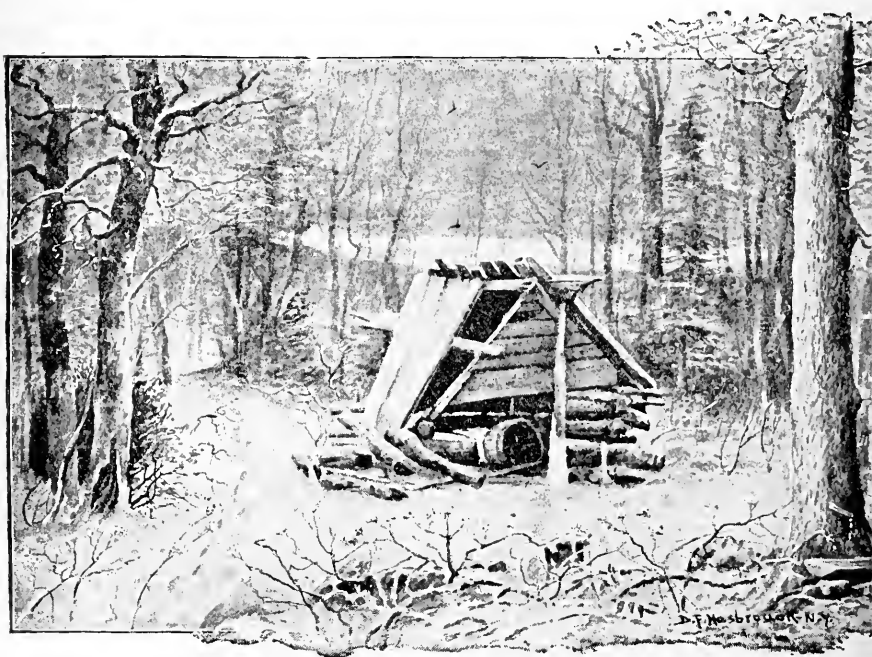
Like the scenery, this air is absolutely free. You can stand on the rocks and look away over thirty thousand square miles of varied and beautiful landscape, belonging to seven or eight different States, and you may use a thousand cubic inches of the choicest air every minute of the day and night, with no fear of exhausting the supply; all without a porter's fee.

The exceptional purity of the water is next in importance. This is in copious supply, bubbling up in sparkling springs, rippling forth from rocky crevice, tumbling over shelving precipices, urging on some ponderous wheel, or shimmering o'er the lazy trout. In fact, the water is good to drink, even very excellent for this purpose. It is cool and pleasant to the taste, and its effects upon the system are highly beneficial.

Thus, as the days of your mountain sojourn go by, there is a revitalizing process tingling through every part of your organism.

Your food tastes better and you eat more ; you sleep more soundly and with more restful, refreshing effect, and you are inclined to place a higher value upon life and its prerogatives than at other times when you were immersed in the cares and perplexities of business. In short, you become a stronger and better man or woman, and better fitted for the duties and trials of the future.

It is readily seen, therefore, that the Catskill region is an ideal place for summer cottage life. All the conditions are favorable. The air, the temperature, the water, the scenery ; the ready, frequent and comfortable means of access, all combine to make summer home life delightful and beneficial. If any confirmation of this fact is asked for, we have only to refer to the many hundreds of such summer residents who already own or rent pretty cottages all through the range. The mountains are thickly studded with enchanting cottage sites.





How to Get There.

FOR nearly fifty years after the Catskills were first thought of as a summer resort, the region remained practically inaccessible and undeveloped. A hot and dusty day's ride in a lumbering stage coach, over a horrid, stony, rutty road, and up a steep mountain side was the inevitable method. The trip was uncertain and not wholly unattended with danger. A passing shower or storm might at any time wash out the narrow road or hurl the rude brush bridges down into the ravine. It was not enough to be an enthusiastic lover of mountain grandeur, but it took a man of health and vigor, with a goodly share of courage and endurance, to stand the journey. Invalids, who would be most benefited by the air and scenery, rarely attempted the trip. This, however, was about the situation of traffic to the Catskill Mountains from 1823, when the first cabin hotel was built, until 1870, when the iron rails began to reach out among the hills. Of course the stage ride was somewhat shortened and improved by better roads and appliances during the latter portion of that period, but the steep and stony miles were all there, the jaded horses and the rocking

stage. The discomfort and fatigue of the journey were only lessened in degree. Visitors were still expected to relieve the poor horses by walking up the steepest hills. Nobody was really requested to do this, of course, in view of the ample price paid for riding. But the drivers were experienced and loquacious old mountain whips, and they had a way of getting their passengers out on their feet for an occasional heavy mile or so, "just to rest their legs." This was rarely resented by the average traveler, who, most likely, had been watching the tugging, over-heated, and, perhaps, short-winded horses uneasily and with some compassion. But this mountain visit could only be made at the price of much physical discomfort.

Meanwhile the most charming portion of the range, the wild and beautiful region lying in the counties of Ulster and Delaware, was practically unknown and largely unexplored. Not even an artist had made a sketch there, and only a few sturdy hunters and barkmen had set foot among these mighty crags. The great mountain chain had scarcely been penetrated on this side, which was destined so soon to become the great and easy approach for the entire Catskill Mountain region. The giant Slide Mountain, which had been looking down upon every other peak in the range for countless ages, was quite unknown. The variety and magnificence for which this vast and beautiful southwestern region is now so justly famous, and which have since so greatly enhanced the fame of the Catskills and made it the great popular summer resort that it is, was yet a sealed book.



The Ulster & Delaware Railroad.

THE advent of the iron horse in 1870 marked the new era in the history of these favored mountains, as it has in the development and progress of so large a share of human effort in these modern times. The iron rails reached out from the river to the mountains across and over the hills themselves. The construction of the Ulster & Delaware Railroad was begun in 1866. Everybody looked upon it as a wild project, with little chance of success, and the enterprise proceeded slowly at first. But those enlisted in the scheme had faith in the final result, and they resolved not to be deterred.

The line was not an easy one to build. There was, indeed, a natural valley or pass through the mountains which the engineers could and did follow. But this valley was exceedingly crooked and tortuous, and there were many things to consider and provide for. Even now, the observing tourist will have doubts whether Nature ever intended that man should stretch a railroad through this valley. The grade would be necessarily heavy most of the way, and there was a fitful, nervous mountain stream, with many excitable and wayward little tributaries pouring in from every gorge and gulch. Most of the time all these were quiet and inoffensive enough. The speckled trout disported lazily in the crystal water, the streams glistened in the noon-day sun like silver threads in the woof of the mountain, and all night long their rippling refrain made sweet melody in the wild woodland. But when the floods came and the deep snows melted, these pretty rills grew wild with their own importance. They swelled into large roaring torrents in a few hours, flooding the narrow valley, and growing so angry as to carry everything down before them—bridges, embankments, trestles, roadways—nothing was respected. True, these streams had never been in conflict with a railroad, but there was every reason to believe they would treat this like all other modern innovations of man, if not with increased antagonism and disrespect. Such, at least, was the judgment of the engineers, and they built the road upon this theory.

It was well laid out and firmly constructed. The best materials were used at every step in its progress, and it has been solidified and strengthened every year since with little regard to cost, but with every care for stability, security, efficiency and comfort, until to-day the Ulster & Delaware Railroad is second to none in security of road-bed, safety, efficiency and comfort of equipment.

Of course this railroad proved the great developing factor of the Catskills as a popular summer resort. It was not built in advance of its need, but it was the very thing the people had been waiting for. It opened an entirely new section of the mountains which rivaled, if not even surpassed in beauty, any other portion of the range, and made the entire region easily accessible to all.

As yet, however, there were few or no hotels in this new region where visitors could be entertained. But the running of trains on the new railroad was begun in May, 1870. At once hotels and boarding houses were built at various points along the line, and visitors came in increasing numbers. Many came to fish, as the streams abounded in trout, but others came to get the bracing air and enjoy the beautiful scenery. They brought their families, their friends and their baggage. Finding they could come and go between business and a delightful summer home with little loss of time and at slight cost, business men left their families to enjoy the mountains during the heated term. Thus it was that the completion of the railroad gave such a new impetus to the mountain boarding business.

Not even the poor old stage-horses showed either enmity or envy toward their modern iron competitor. Everybody for once was delighted to miss the stages. Visitors poured into the mountains by thousands, and Rondout and Kingston at once became the great diverging points for the Catskills, as they have been ever since and will remain. To reach the mountains rapidly, comfortably and enjoyably, are the essential points with all visitors, and these requirements are fully met by the swift trains and the elegant coaches of the Ulster & Delaware Road. An hour's whirl up the beautiful valley from Kingston brings one almost in the heart of the mountains and without weariness or fatigue.

The Only All-Rail Route.



RONDOUT is the eastern or river terminus of the mountain railway system. It was formerly a village, having been incorporated in 1849, and here the Dutch established in 1614 one of the first settlements in the State. But the place has now outgrown the name, having united with its sister village, Kingston, and become incorporated as The City of Kingston in 1872. The name "Rondout" is, however, retained locally, because of the retention of the old post-office of that name. It is the river port of the city, being situated on the northerly bank of the Rondout Creek, near its mouth. Being the tide-water terminus of the Delaware & Hudson Canal, and having extensive manufacturing interests, it has long enjoyed the largest river commerce of any point on the Hudson except Albany. Several steamboat lines, passenger, freight and towing boats are operated here; and it has to-day, doubtless, more steamboats than any other place on the river. The fleet and the famous "Mary Powell" makes daily trips between this port and New York in summer. Then there are the large steamers of the Romer & Tremper Night Line, the elegant Hudson River Day Boats, the New York Central & Hudson River and Philadelphia, Reading & New England trains. From all these converging tributaries of transportation the Ulster & Delaware trains receive liberal and increasing traffic daily. Winding gracefully and steadily up the grade from the river, describing a huge letter "S," the trains intersect with the West Shore Railroad near the centre of the city.



Kingston (Union Depot) is thus the first stop on the Ulster & Delaware line. Here all trains on the West Shore and Wallkill Valley Railroads connect with the Ulster & Delaware trains for the mountains, this being also the northern terminus of the Wallkill Valley Road. The fast Catskill Mountain specials on the West Shore line, with their elegant parlor coaches, are here transferred to the Ulster & Delaware track.

These are among the fastest summer trains scheduled upon any road in the country. The run from New York is made in two hours and fifteen minutes. During the regular season there are about forty trains which stop at this station daily. This will give some idea of the vast amount of summer traffic handled at this place.

While the switches are being made there is time to catch a distant view of the mountains looking directly north from the station. Here, in plain sight, are the famous Overlook, Plattekill, High Peak, or Mount Lincoln, the Kaaterskill and South Mountain peaks. Near the crest of the Overlook, which is nearest of this eastern group, will be seen the Overlook Mountain House, a large white building standing out clearly against the sky, 2978 feet above the river. A few rods to the right, on the very crest of the mountain, 3150 feet above tide, appears an elongated vertical speck, an observatory about 50 feet high. The loftiest peak of the group is Mount Lincoln, 3664 feet. Still farther to the right, and across the Cove, the mammoth Katterskill Hotel will be seen, appearing almost like a village in the sky. A short mile more to the right, and over against South Mountain, is the famous old Catskill Mountain House, the pioneer resort in the range.

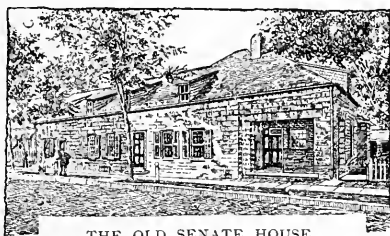
But before the train starts for the hills let us inspect the equipment in which you are to make the ascent. Note the powerful 50-ton locomotive of the latest and most approved make, as it stands hissing and throbbing, impatiently waiting for the run. Two, and sometimes three, of these modern steeds are attached when the train is exceptionally heavy. The coaches are large, new, and elegantly fitted throughout. The latest improved platform and Westinghouse automatic air-

brakes are used on all trains, and the entire equipment is the best now in use on first-class roads. The road is standard gauge, with heavy steel rails over the whole line. The management has long been noted for promptness, carefulness and general efficiency. The conductors and trainmen will be found uniformly polite, efficient and obliging, most of them having been in the employ of the company many years. The trains make excellent time, and no accidents to passengers have ever occurred on the line.

At length, as the train pulls out for the mountains, the traveler finds himself whirling over the level flat in the northern edge of the city.

FAIR STREET is the first stop. This is only a few rods from the famous old "Senate House," built in 1676, where the first constitution

of New York framed and woodwork was the town was British in October, 1777, but walls stood against the invaders, which,



THE OLD SENATE HOUSE.

State was adopted. The destroyed when burned by the tober, 1777, but walls stood against the in- with many

others like it, are still standing in this ancient and historic town. This structure is now owned by the State. It may be seen from the train by a vigilant eye just before Fair Street Station is reached. The train next crosses the Esopus Creek on an iron bridge, speeds rapidly over fertile lowland meadows, and then plunges boldly into the Ulster and Delaware valley, which, throughout its entire length, is one of the most picturesque and beautiful to be found. The ascent is gradual, though continuous, all the way to West Hurley, nine miles from Rondout, and you have then reached an elevation of 540 feet above the river. The track hugs the left or southern slope of the valley as you go up.



WEST HURLEY is the first station on the hill. It is a bit of a hamlet lying on the left, largely devoted to the mining and shipping of bluestone, which is abundant in this vicinity. There is here a hotel and several stores and shops. But the stop which is made here is important chiefly because of the connection with the Overlook Mountain House. Visitors for the Overlook Mountain, Woodstock village and the adjacent region may leave the train and take the stages, which are in waiting at this point. The hotel, which is near the crest of the mountain, 2978 feet above tide, stands out more boldly than ever on the mountain top, which seems very high and attractive from this point. The little Woodstock village, not visible from here, nestles at the very base of the mountain, five miles away. It has a good hotel, and there are several boarding houses scattered all about. Mead's Mountain Home, one of the oldest resorts in this region, is about half way up Overlook Mountain, on a commanding divide. The Overlook Hotel is yet another two miles steady climb away; but the road is excellent, and the breezy destination with all its attractions is glorious indeed. It commands a most extended and beautiful view, and though the intervening miles below the mountain are long and stony, there is always a rich and charming feast awaiting near the sky at the end.

The railroad is now nearly level and about as straight as it ever gets. Straight roads and mountains are in fact romantically incompatible, hence the Ulster & Delaware was not built that way.

The train speeds rapidly over this level stretch of track; the engineer "pulls her wide open," to show what can be done, and to gain time for the hills. Brief stops are made at

OLIVE BRANCH and **BROWN'S STATION** on the way, unless the train is an express, which for present purposes it is not. This is indeed a remarkably peaceful locality, well supplied with modest boarding houses, where tired humanity can rest and revel in the air of the foot-hills with careless abandon, and at low rates. You will have noticed that at West Hurléy the trend of the mountains turned to the west, almost at right angles with the eastern front.

BRODHEAD'S BRIDGE, the next stop, is another bluestone depot, with a rubbing and planing mill. Nothing in sight tempts one to leave the train here, but many do, as there are quiet farm houses all about, with a hearty welcome to visitors.

Here the Esopus Creek is encountered again and crossed eighteen miles from Rondout, it having been on a big sweeping bend southward since it was crossed near Kingston. But from this time on, the creek and railroad do not part company until one of the sources of the stream is reached. Soon after leaving this station the road turns abruptly to the north and pursues that general course until Phoenicia is reached.



SHOKAN is the first stop on this stretch. This is one of the few old Indian names that have been retained in the geographical nomenclature of this locality. It was originally spelled "Ashokan," however. It is often termed the "Gateway of the Catskills," but several other similar entrances will be found. It is a pleasant little mountain hamlet with churches, schools, stores and numerous summer boarding resorts, where many city people dwell contentedly most of the summer. On approaching the station the beautiful "High Point" peak, 3098 feet skyward, is seen on the left in a southerly direction. Near the station are several old charcoal kilns, such as may be seen at other points along the route. On leaving Shokan Station, looking about four miles west, a cluster of five lofty mountain peaks, forming a crescent, will be seen. To the right is the "Wittenberg," 3778 feet; next is Mount Cornell, 3681 feet high. Some two miles beyond this chain are the noted Slide Mountains, highest of all, 4205 feet; Peakamoose, 3875 feet, and Table Mountain, 3865 feet high. For all of these most interesting mountains in the range the Ulster & Delaware Railroad is the only approach. Three miles beyond Shokan the train halts briefly at

BOICEVILLE, long enough to leave the mail bag, though not many passengers, as the locality is not largely devoted to summer boarding as yet. It is another bluestone depot.





OUNT PLEASANT is the next station, and it has one of the picturesque little depot buildings which have lately been constructed on the line of this road. It is a very attractive and popular summer section, with many hotels and private resting places dotted here and there in the narrow and charming valley, which is here encircled with towering mountains. "The Corner" is the old and decisive name by which the place was known, and still remains to designate the postoffice. At the station guests for nearly forty boarding houses leave the train, making a lively racket with kisses and baggage all summer long.

The surrounding mountains are now encroaching upon the narrow confines of the valley in such a peculiar and aggressive manner that one is highly impressed with their beauty. The old Esopus Creek winds in and out here in a careless and happy way, with no appearance of haste in reaching the Hudson; the mountain climbs are easy and inviting, and hundreds of visitors are always delighted with Mount Pleasant and its vicinity, as the numerous resorts clearly show.



HOENICIA is now three miles up the valley, and 790 feet above tide-water. This is one of the most important stations on the line, and a very lively railway centre. The valley is here very narrow, and there is barely room for the railroad, the creek and the old wagon road. It is the entrance to the famous Stony Clove and the southern terminus of the Stony Clove & Catskill Mountain Railroad. Passengers for that region and the old Greene County resorts must now change cars, as that road is a narrow-gauge line. This route and locality will be referred to in later pages of this book. Here, near the station on a broad plateau, is the large and popular Tremper House, which was the first extensive hotel built in this part of the range. It is a favorite resort with many, and there are several delightful drives in the vicinity. The southern ledges of Mount Sheridan, in the rear of the house, afford an excellent view of the Wittenberg, Cornell, Panther, Balsam and Slide peaks, and the Shandaken and Woodland valleys. There

are several smaller houses of entertainment in or near the hamlet. There is also a pretty little Methodist church, and a few stores and dwellings. Trains usually meet and pass each other here, and the station is a bustling spot about that time—an excellent place to study choice bits of human nature and watch the dexterity of baggage men who are here called upon for rapid work.

As the train moves on up the valley, winding closely along the left bank of the creek, which is now growing smaller and less aggressive as the vicinity of its source is approached, the narrow valley becomes more wild and beautiful every mile of the way, and the mountains on either side are higher and grander. Ever and anon you seem to be walled in on every hand, but the engine finds the way out and onward. A mile up the track from Phœnicia is “Woodland Valley,” or “Snyder Hollow,” opening on the left. This is one of the most picturesque and charming wildwood passes in the whole range, about nine miles long, and reaching to the base of the Wittenberg, Cornell and Slide Mountain itself. The temptation is to use a page in description at this point, but it is better to leave it all for the personal eye of the visitor. As the train proceeds, Mounts Sheridan, Sherrill and North Dome loom up grandly on the right with deep, dark gorges between. The next station is

ALLABEN, formerly “Fox Hollow,” the older and more romantic name. You have now risen nearly 200 feet in the last five miles. In this immediate vicinity, wild and woody as it seems, will be found eight or ten quiet boarding houses.



HANDAKEN is next, 1060 feet above tide and 33 miles away. This is a highly popular summer region with many visitors always, and a charming locality it is. The name is Indian, meaning “rapid water.” Over 500 visitors can be entertained in and near the hamlet, and nearly 1500 more may ride away in the numerous stages which are in waiting for Lexington, Westkill, Spruceton and other distant and popular resorts. This is always a lively spot about train time.

The Palace Hotel, formerly the “Lament House,” is the largest and most

modern in the vicinity. It is near the station, new and well appointed. Many other houses are scattered all about, and it is a very common thing to hear the response "Shandaken" when Catskill visitors are asked concerning the special locality of their mountain sojourn.



A pleasant legend invests this portion of the valley with interest as the scene of buried treasure of immense value, some of which being the property of noted British officers. But the most diligent and patient excavations have thus far failed to uncover anything of this nature. A remarkable butter-nut tree growing near Shandaken is worthy of mention. It is nearly a hundred years old, and is said to have borne seventy-five bushels of nuts in 1878. The branches spread horizontally near the ground over an area eighty-four feet in diameter.



BIG INDIAN is now reached after an ascent of 150 feet, which is distributed over three very crooked miles. You look ahead and declare that the train has got to the end of its tether this time sure. A great wall of mountain rises all around. But you wait patiently while the tourists for Slide Mountain and all that region get themselves and their luggage into the stages. It is eleven miles distant. But this mountain deserves a separate paragraph. On the way to it is the New York State Deer Park and the Winnisook Lodge, and beyond it is the Neversink troutling region.

This is the station for the charming Big Indian Valley, which well deserves more graphic and extended notice than can be accorded to it here. Every visitor should either ride, walk or wheel through this lovely valley, where nearly every other house is a post-office, and the stage crosses the little creek in each case anew to have the mail-bag overhauled while you wait.

There is a deal of Indian lore pertaining to this lovely valley, and while the engine is gathering force for the big hill just ahead, a bit of this tradition may be read with interest. "Big Indian" was the popular name of a stalwart red man who lived in this locality. His tribal cognomen was "Winnisook," and he is said to have been seven feet in height, and possessed of great muscular power. He fell in love with a comely white maiden living down on the fertile plains, named Gertrude Molyneaux. But the girl married a rival suitor of her own race, one Joseph Bundy. The alliance proved unhappy, however, and the young wife was tenderly reminded of what might have been had she cast her lot with the gallant and dusky warrior of the woods. In fact she finally transferred her affections and person to him. The Indians were much given to stealing cattle from their neighbors, the Dutch farmers, down on the plains. On returning from one of these forays, with Winnisook as rear guard, they were overtaken near this point in the Shandaken Valley by a company of pursuing farmers under the lead of Joe Bundy. The latter, sighting the Indian giant, drew his trusty bead upon him and inflicted a fatal wound, remarking with

jealousy, to his comrades, "I think the best way to civilize the yellow serpent is to let daylight into his black heart." The dying warrior took refuge in the hollow of a big pine tree near by, where he was afterwards found dead, standing upright, by his pursuers. Learning of the tragedy, his faithful widow, who had shared his wigwam for several years, came upon the scene with her dusky children of the woods. She fell upon the body in frantic grief, and spent the rest of her life near Winnisook's grave. The stump of this old tree was finally covered by a portion of the railway embankment.

But the bell rings and you are off for the grand mountain climb. As the train curves out from the station you look out and up toward the sky on the right, and see a huge white building with a vast front and many towers. It is the "Grand Hotel," only two or three miles distant in a direct line, but five miles by rail. The engine snorts and groans convulsively, but you are moving steadily up Pine Hill, rising about 150 feet per mile. The back platform of the rear car is the place to view the lovely Shandaken Valley as it recedes from sight, and also the charming Pine Hill Valley on the right as you proceed. It is truly a fascinating view.



PINE HILL is the next station reached. The train is not yet on the summit as will be seen, and the brakes must be very firmly applied to prevent its slipping back. Hundreds alight at this little station on the side-hill for the Pine Hill village section down in the narrow valley. This is one of the most picturesque and delightful villages in the mountains. Everybody is pleased with Pine Hill. The many buildings are pretty in design, and all are neatly painted. Many are added every year. There are numerous hotels and boarding houses, among the largest of which are the Guigou, Rip Van Winkle, Brewerton, Cornish and Hotel Ulster. The summer cottage of the late Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, and many others of note, are situated in this locality, the first being on Birch Creek, one of the sources of the Esopus Creek. The village has a chatty weekly newspaper, churches, stores and all needed appliances and conveniences for a pleasant summer abode.

Again the brakes are released and the engine plunges boldly in for the final climb. It is only a mile to the Summit now, but there is 226 feet to rise. The engineers have lain one and one-half miles of track on which to do it, and the train curves sharply around the arcs of a double horseshoe like a serpent, only with far more violent exertion.



GRAND HOTEL STATION is finally reached, and you are at the summit of the Ulster & Delaware track, 1886 feet above the tidewater and forty-one miles from Rondout. The locomotive heaves a deep sigh of relief because its hardest work is over, and yet the run is only about half completed. This is a most important summer station. The Grand Hotel is less than half a mile up the hill by the road, and still shorter by the path and stairs which lead straight to the house. It is the great hotel of this region, being by far the largest, and it is palatial in all its appointments—a favorite resort of fashion, wealth and comfort. Many leave the train here for this noted resort, and for others located on the pretty Belle Ayr mountain slope across the valley. The view of mountain and valley from the broad piazzas of the Grand is superb indeed. Standing on the line which divides the counties of Ulster and Delaware, the house being partly in each county, you get a magnificent panorama of high mountains and deep valleys which is scarcely excelled except from the crest of the “Monka Hill” mountain just back of the hotel. There, after an easy climb, you are 2489 feet in the air. The view is wholly unobstructed on all sides and grand beyond description. Southward, in the sky, is old King Slide, only slightly overtopping its aspiring neighbors; westward the farms and hamlets of Delaware, and far down under the projecting rocks on which you stand is the green primeval wooded and far extending valley, and there is beauty all around. Strange to say, this crest is a broad, open meadow where an airy race track could easily be made.

Westward, on the Belle Ayr slope, are the Grampian and Belle Ayr resorts, also several entertaining cottages. It is, indeed, a charming cottage locality of 1500 mountain acres, with an elevation of 1900 to 2500 feet. “Highmount” is the distinctive name of this slope and

a portion of that below the Grand Hotel, where the Rossmore Hotel and several attractive cottages will be seen. Persons of reputable character may secure lots and erect cottages here. There are many interesting drives radiating from this airy summit, and numerous gamey and romantic brooks and creeks, all of which add zest and sport to the ordinary attractions of summer mountain life.

But the train now moves gently down the hill for the Delaware region, the land of the dairy, the gilt-edged butter, the high-blooded cows; the home of the sugar-maple and its luscious and aromatic products. A grand rail-toboggan slide it is. The brakes are firmly set and all steam is shut off. You slide smoothly, but crookedly, down 370 feet.



FLEISCHMANN'S (Griffin's Corners) is at the bottom of this slide. The place was born in 1804, but it scarcely grew to years of discretion until the railroad gave it nourishment, sixty-seven years later. Now it has many beautiful cottages, some of which belong to eminent men. Many of them are elaborate and costly, and give the place a trim and attractive appearance. The Fleischmanns were the pioneer cottagers here. They did not, of course, invest a very large sum of money at first, as the two rough and stony farms which then covered most of the place were not held at very high figures. But they have since invested in the place heavily and shown great and commendable enterprise. This has attracted other men of means and liberal public spirit, which has now resulted in a most attractive collection of costly summer homes.



ARKVILLE four miles farther down the track, is another most important station. This is a great distributing centre: Margaretville, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles; Andes, 12; Shavertown, 15; Downsville, 26, and Furlough Lake, 7 miles distant. The latter is owned by George J. Gould, who has erected a handsome rustic summer cottage on its margin, in which he will summer with his family. Alder

Lake, fourteen miles distant, is a new private game and fish preserve, which is owned by a club of Kingston City gentlemen, who bring their families here in summer. It contains about 560 acres of picturesque mountain land and a liberal supply of trout.

You are now 1344 feet above tide, the lowest point reached by the railroad in Delaware County. The little stream near at hand is the celebrated trout water known as Dry Brook. There is also the East Branch of the Delaware River here. These streams made the place conspicuous in history by causing a "Pumpkin Freshet," which occurred soon after the close of the revolution. Coming in the fall, before the crops were gathered, the little town was inundated with pumpkins. Near the village several very attractive summer cottages have been built recently, many of them by artists of note, who seem to find special attraction here. Some of these may be seen on the left of the road to Margaretville, peering through the trees on the mountain slope.

Margaretville is a delightful little village at the base of Mount Pakatakan, one mile below the confluence of Dry Brook and Delaware, East Branch, partly covering the ancient site of the Tuscarora Indian headquarters. Its rural scenic environment is charming, as is attested by the numerous studios dotted here and there. There are churches, stores, public water works, a weekly newspaper, a fair ground and race track, and several hotels, including the noted and popular Ackerly House, all within fifteen or twenty minutes' drive from the cars at Arkville. On leaving this station the train ascends again gradually, turning sharply to the right and running along the East Branch in a general northeasterly direction, through a very pretty glade devoted mainly to dairying. In connection with Arkville, however, mention might be made of an artificial cave near there, which is always an object of interest to visitors. Its inner walls are rudely carved with strange hieroglyphics.



ROXBURY is the next important Delaware Station. It is eleven miles beyond Arkville, and the train has now sped rapidly over the comparatively level track where the East Branch, like a limpid thread of silver, winds in and out, tempting one to cast an alluring hook for the wary prince of mountain "findom." You have halted briefly at


KELLY'S CORNERS and HALCOTTVILLE on the way, neither of which is as yet prominent as a summer locality, though the latter is beginning to attract visitors. Roxbury is the scene of Jay Gould's early boyhood. It is not far from the source of the east branch of the Delaware River. The settlement is now over a hundred years old, and it is rapidly growing in favor with summer visitors. It has churches, schools, stores and factories, and is somewhat noted for its large product of maple sugar, also butter and cheese. Many a family vacation is quietly and most enjoyably spent here. A weekly newspaper is printed in the hamlet, and there are a hundred other attractions in and about the quaint old strip of houses and its pleasant environment which are better enjoyed than to read of here.



GRAND GORGE is next, and six miles farther up the track. This brings you to the end of this northeasterly course. The train has been ascending gradually as it sped along through this lovely valley section, and is now 1570 feet above tide. The hamlet itself, formerly known as "Moresville," is less than a mile away in the valley, and is afterward visible from the car window, very prettily located. It was named after John More, the first white settler who camped here in 1786. The approach to the station is rugged and beautiful, as you will have already noticed. Stages are taken here for Gilboa and Prattsville, three and six miles distant. Both are well known summer regions, and many always leave the train here for one of these three popular localities, which seemed almost a hundred miles from the river in the days of staging. The Delaware summit of the railroad is reached at

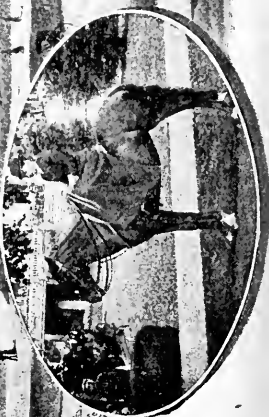
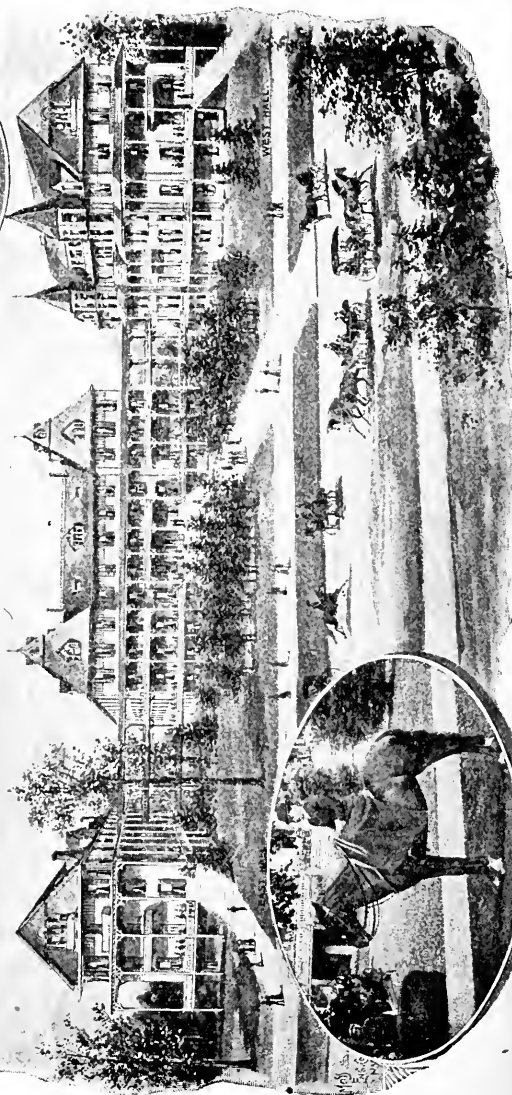
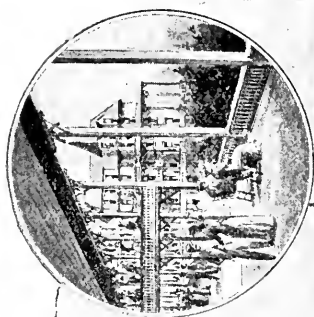
SOUTH GILBOA after another six-mile run. This is only forty-

one foot lower than the Pine Hill summit in Ulster County. But the location is such, and the train has approached it so gradually, that you will scarcely realize it. There are several quiet boarding places in the vicinity of this station, and there is also a lake with boating facilities.

TAMFORD is next, after a rapid run of three miles on a slight descent. This is the prettiest and most charming village in the Catskills. It is seventy-four miles by rail from the river, and 1767 feet above it. The early settlers were from Stamford, Conn., after which this place was named, about a hundred years ago. The situation in the lovely open valley at the head-waters of the Delaware River, on the western border of the Catskills, with lofty mountain crags rising abruptly and grandly almost from the village streets, is most delightful. Nature has bestowed liberally here, and man may well admire and appreciate. For a summer mountain home with all the requisites—the best air, the best water, the best scenery, the best drives, and the most wholesome and pleasing moral atmosphere—it will be hard to equal Stamford. Mount Utsayantha towers 3203 feet in the air near the village, the slightly crest being reached by a short drive up the slope over a good road. From the tower on this mountain the eye rests upon one of the most magnificent panoramas to be found anywhere, covering an area of 20,000 square miles, and embracing twenty-eight prominent peaks in the Catskill range. Mount Churchill, a sister peak near by, will also be surmounted by a tower, to which a road is promised. Utsayantha is an Indian name, in connection with which forest tradition contains the details of a sad tragedy in which a beautiful Indian maiden, her babe and her white husband lost their lives.

West of Stamford begin the little streams which braid into the great Susquehanna later. One mile east is Bear Creek, which empties into the Schoharie. Thus within a half hour's drive one may drink from the head-waters of the three great rivers. One hundred years ago a battle between the citizen soldiery and the Indians and Tories was fought on the present village site, which then contained only two houses.

Rapchill Hall,
Stanford,
New York.



Not until 1872 was Stamford thought of by summer visitors. Then, in August, two Brooklyn gentlemen with their wives drove over from Prattsville and sauntered into the Seminary then in charge of Dr. S. E. Churchill. Being delighted with the locality they remained a week or more, finding board after considerable difficulty. The following summer they prevailed upon Dr. Churchill to open his house to summer guests, and about twenty such were entertained there. From that time to this the business has steadily increased.

In addition to this there are numerous very attractive private cottages scattered all through the village, and it would seem difficult to find a more charming region for summer cottage life. The village has five thriving churches, a union free school, water works, electric lights, a national bank, numerous stores, a public library, and two of the best country weekly newspapers in the State. Near the village is "Eagle's Nest," the home of the late "Ned Buntline," the story writer. This is on the site of one of the oldest houses in the place.



HOBART is four miles farther down the Delaware River. The run from Stamford to Hobart along the crooked river is full of interest. The stream bends so often and so abruptly that it is said, standing at a certain point, one can shoot an arrow that will cross it four times. Hobart is a pretty little village with a history antedating the Revolution. The old name was "Waterville," there

being a fine falls and water-power there. The present name was finally settled upon at the suggestion of Rev. Philander Chase, the old church rector, and subsequently Bishop of Ohio. There are several churches and numerous pleasant hotels and boarding houses, and the number of summer visitors is rapidly increasing each season. It is seventy-eight miles from Rondout and 1614 feet above it.

The running of parlor cars through to this point proved a great convenience to Delaware visitors. From Philadelphia and New York to Stamford and Hobart without change, in a luxurious railway coach, was, indeed, a very gratifying feature to many travelers.

SOUTH KORTRIGHT is the next station, four miles down the river. This town was settled at an early period by sturdy Scotch and Irish people, who had their full share of Indian depredations and troubles. The little hamlet is not devoid of interest, but has been patiently awaiting the advent of the railroad. It is the center of a rich dairy district, and promises to become popular with summer visitors.

BLOOMVILLE, about five miles farther down the crooked stream, is the end of this charming inland railway journey. It is about eight miles from Delhi, which may be reached by stage after an interesting drive, and it is a thriving little dairy village in a pretty locality.

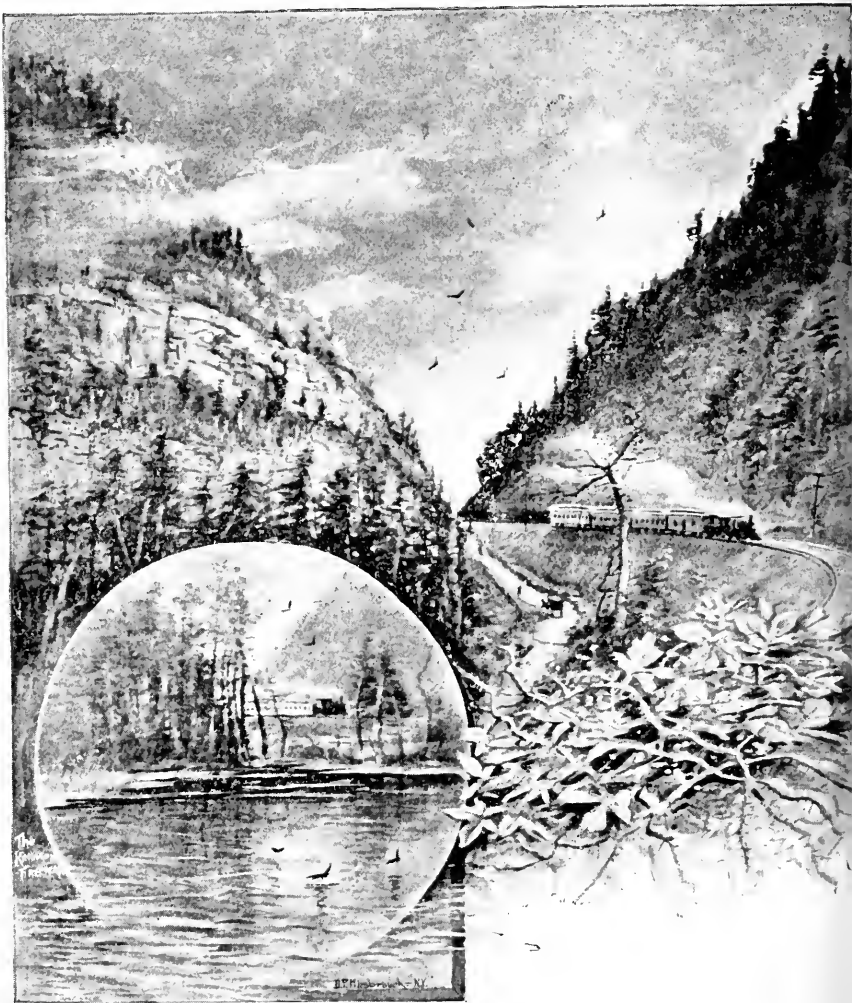


The Narrow Gauge Division.

THROUGH THE STONY CLOVE AND OVER THE KAATERSKILL RAILROADS.

THE Stony Clove Notch has long been regarded as one of the great scenic attractions of the Catskills. It is one of the wildest and most beautiful mountain passes on the continent, and a page might well be devoted in the effort to describe it. But for this great cleavage of the towering crags the old Green County section of the mountains could never have developed into the very popular and populous summer region that it is to-day, simply because of its comparative inaccessibility. Of course "Old Rip" never dreamed of a railroad through "The Notch," but he was not liberally endowed with a prophetic and lively imagination. The railway was built about ten years ago, and its daily trains have been kept pretty busy ever since. This Stony Clove road and the subsequent construction of the Kaaterskill, with which it connects, completed the all-rail circuit of the range, and to-day this is the only comfortable and rapid route to this section of the Catskills.

Beginning on the Ulster & Delaware line at Phoenicia, the Stony Clove road winds through the famous gorge a little over fourteen miles and terminates at Hunter. The track is narrow gauge and crooked, vertically as well as laterally. Much of the grade is heavy, reaching 187 feet per mile at one point. The summit of the track in the Notch is 2071 feet above tide, and to reach it the engines must climb 1273 feet in ten miles, but the lusty little locomotives accomplish it at a fair rate of speed. It is a charming ride amid the varied beauties of this primeval bit of Nature.



The Picturesque Stony Clove.

CHICHESTER'S is the first stop, a great chair manufacturing region with a collection of small dwellings down in the valley. The place was named after the Chichester family, which originally came from Wales.

LANESVILLE is next, and it is a favorite boarding section with many who seek to avoid the crowd. There are several modest and comfortable resorts open to visitors.

EDGEWOOD is the next station, eight miles from the start. Here is another noisy chair stock factory, with a few private boarding houses near at hand. Until this station is reached the track lies along the eastern slope of the deep valley. Far below, running beside and across the winding old wagon road, flows the Stony Clove Creek, with its cascades and mills here and there, and a little church, a school or a cottage at intervals along its banks. On either side are towering mountains with craggy crests far up in the sky.

Looking back from the train you see nothing but mountains, and you can neither discern nor imagine where you came through. A charming variety of wild flowers, ferns, trailing vines and shrubbery fringe the wayside, and fill the air with wildwood fragrance. Indeed, this whole mountain region abounds with interest to the lover of plants and wild flowers. The mountain laurel (*kalmia latifolia*) is quite at home here, and may be found in abundance and in great beauty, nearly all summer in bloom, at first in the valleys and on the lower slopes and later on the mountain tops. Then there are clematis, ferns, honeysuckles, eupatorium, saracenias, Indian pipe, daisies and an endless variety of other species of plants.

Pulling out and up from Edgewood the valley becomes very narrow. This is the "Notch," and there is scant space in the bottom for the track and the wagon road. Indeed, the old rocky, rooty road has never yet become quite reconciled to the iron rails there, and it will be seen to dispute their right of way vigorously for a short distance. For a thousand feet and more on each side of the train the hills go up almost vertically, and you must look straight up to see the narrow strip of sky between. It is cold here and the wraps and overcoats are always needed. The engineer pulls the whistle and rings his bell, and

you listen to the echoes, which seem never-ending. A gradual descent of two miles now brings you to

KAATERSKILL JUNCTION. Then another two miles on a sharp curve to the left is the famous old village of



HUNTER. This is the northern terminus of the Stony Clove rail, and an extremely popular summer region. It is a pretty mountain village, with many picturesque attractions. There are several large and attractive hotels. Nearly 2000 visitors can be entertained in this locality, and about as many more at Lexington, Hensonville, Windham and Jewett Heights, which are reached by stage from this point. There are churches, factories, stores and a weekly newspaper. The famous mountain peaks, "Colonel's Chair" and Hunter Mountain, the second highest in the range—the former 3165 feet, the latter 4038 feet above the tide—are just across the Schoharie Creek, which flows through the village. Either may be reached by a good mountain path. There are many charming drives over good roads, and innumerable romantic paths which radiate from Hunter.

But returning to Kaaterskill Junction, let us take the little mountain train on that road for about eight miles, and glance briefly at Tannersville, Haines' Corners, Laurel House, Kaaterskill and the old Catskill Mountain House. These are all historic summer boarding

sections, concerning which all other Catskill guide-books have spoken in detail, contenting themselves with only a few brief statements regarding the various other portions of the range. The railway makes all these places easily accessible, and brings many thousands to and fro every summer.

TANNERSVILLE is the first stop on the Kaaterskill Railroad, and it is one of the liveliest stations in the mountains. This is among the oldest and most popular summer boarding sections in the range, and is still increasing in favor, especially with cottagers. Over 2000 visitors can be entertained here at once by the numerous houses, and there are also hundreds of cottage residents. Various social and other clubs and associations have been attracted here of late years, having purchased large tracts of mountain land, which are being converted into parks with fine roads and numerous handsome summer dwellings. The Elka Park Association is among the newest of these, and is composed of New York Liederkrantz members and other leaders in German mercantile and social circles in New York. Several hundred acres of the Spruce Top slope is owned by the club, near the source of the Schoharie and about two miles from the Tannersville Station. A large club house and several attractive cottages have already been built, several new cottages having been erected since last season.

The Onteora Park, directly across the valley north of the station, about one and a half miles distant, is also a most attractive mountain preserve. It is on a commanding height, from which a beautiful view is obtained. The "Bear and Fox Inn" is the general club house, and there are many picturesque private cottages owned by leading persons of wealth.

Tannersville is also well supplied with hotels, the largest of which being "Roggen's," "Mulford," "Blythewood," "Cold Spring House," "The Oriental," "The La Villa," "The Arlington" and "The Wamsley." But there are a host of others all about, and the pretty slopes are dotted here and there by the cottages of prominent New York people, who abide here with their families nearly five months in the year, and journey to and from business—only four hours

by rail. There is a small lake and a new driving park which may be mentioned among the added attractions.

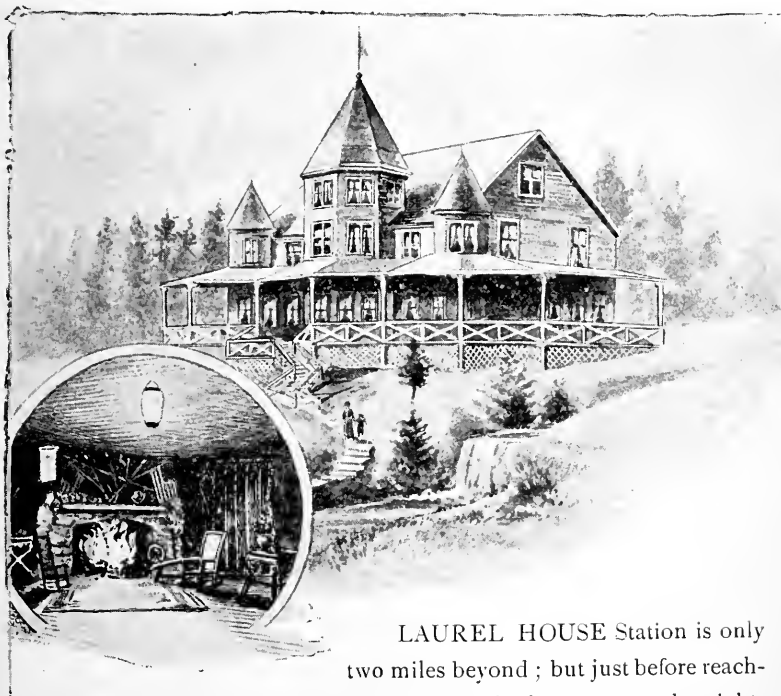


ELKA PARK CLUB HOUSE.

HAINES' CORNERS is the next station where the train pulls up. It is another favorite old summer region. You are now at the noted Haines' Falls, at the head of the famous Kaaterskill Clove, and at a general elevation of about 2500 feet above the river. For beauty of situation this place is unexcelled. The view down the great cañon to the Hudson River is grand beyond description, and the surrounding region is full of natural charm. There is a full quota of hotels and boarding houses, with many private cottages, and the place is always full of social life. Haines' Falls makes a beautiful cataract 160 feet in height, and it forms a conspicuous object in the landscape of that region, as seen from distant points. "Twilight Park" is located near at hand on a most enchanting slope, from which Mount Lincoln towers grandly skyward 3664 feet. This is an outgrowth from the New York Twilight Club and under its control. The objects are summer rest for families, with grass for carpet, moss for rugs, home without housekeeping cares, no fashion, no Mrs. Grundy. There are two

large and unique club houses and over thirty most attractive cottages, with a fine system of roads. The Park is in full view from the train as it leaves Haines' Corners, and it appears in handsome contrast with the unrivaled natural charms of the mountain setting. Several attractive cottages have been built since last season and others are projected. A summer home in Twilight Park means solid, rustic comfort.

Now as the train moves onward the traveler will need to be alert in order to catch even a glimpse of the many objects of interest along the way.



CLUB HOUSE, TWILIGHT PARK.

LAUREL HOUSE Station is only two miles beyond ; but just before reaching it, through the trees on the right, will be seen the far-famed and beautiful

Kaaterskill Falls, which has inspired the pens and brushes of authors and artists for a century and more, and continues to enchant every visitor. The new-old Laurel House stands at the head of this beautiful gorge into which the silvery sheen of sparkling water tumbles hundreds of feet over a solid amphitheatre of shelving rock.

It is the second oldest resort in the range, with more than fifty years of hallowed associations. But the genial old landlord sleeps, and new faces now bestow the greeting smile. The house is only a few rods from the station, large and well appointed. Steps lead from it down to the bottom of the magnificent gorge, where one can stand under the projecting rocks and behind the falling water, and be enraptured with the beauty and novelty of the scene. But the return climb is sufficiently arduous to restore proper tranquility, and needs good lungs and strength.

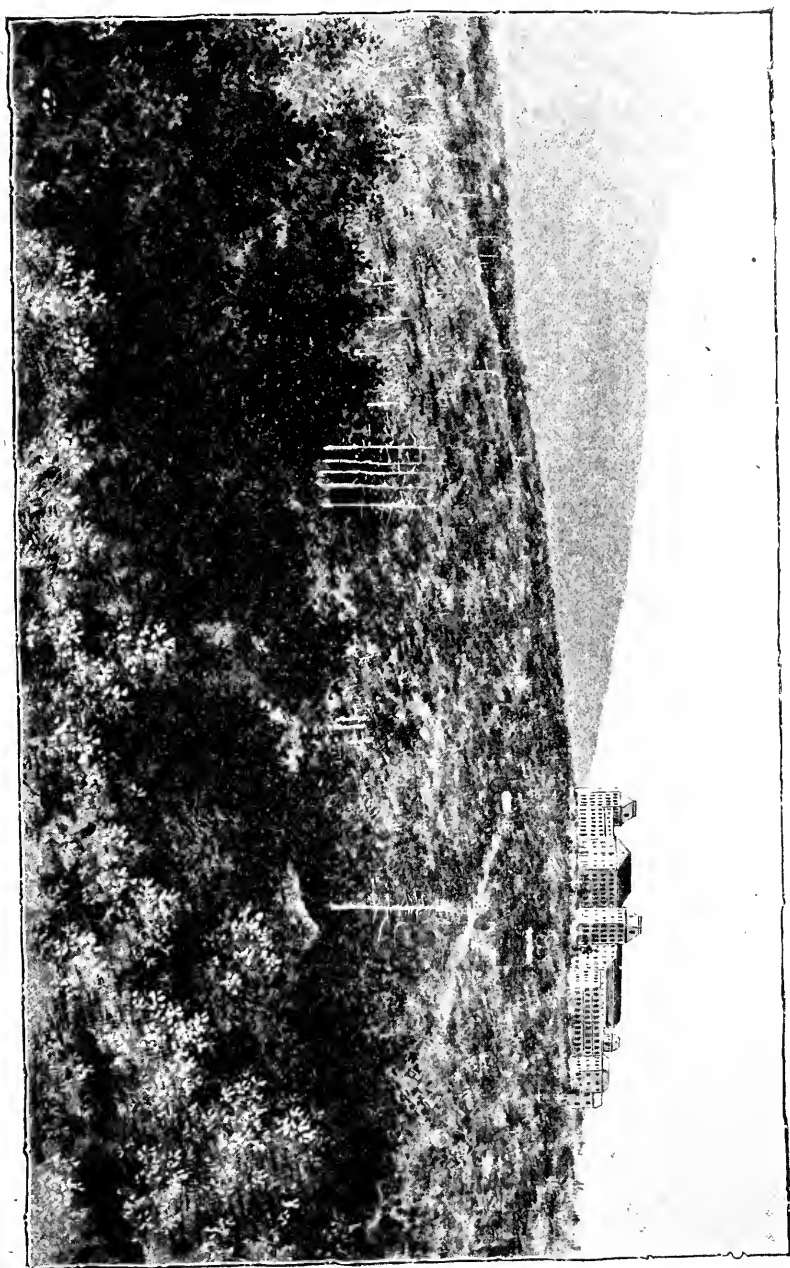
The final mile of this road brings us to the eastern end of the mountain railway system, the terminus being known as

KAATERSKILL STATION—This is less than a mile from the eastern or river face of the Catskill range. You have thus made a circuit of the mountains by rail, amid the most varied and beautiful scenery, reaching at this station the highest elevation attained by any railroad in New York State, viz., 2145 feet above tide.

Another culminating feature of even greater importance presented here is the largest mountain hotel in the range or in the world—the Hotel Kaaterskill.

From the margin of the beautiful Kaaterskill Lake on which the little station stands, carriages make prompt and speedy connection with the brilliant resort which looms up boldly from the forest on the mountain, half a mile upward. The roads are excellent and the walk is short and delightful. The entire mountain has been transformed into a park, with twenty miles of charming drives and wild paths without end.

And finally, here also, less than half a mile by a lovely road that fringes and passes between Kaaterskill and North Lakes, the famous old Catskill Mountain House at "Pine Orchard," is reached. This grand old landmark and pioneer summer mountain hotel now opens for its seventy-first consecutive season.





OBSERVATORY—TOP OF SLIDE MOUNTAIN.

The Great Slide Mountain.

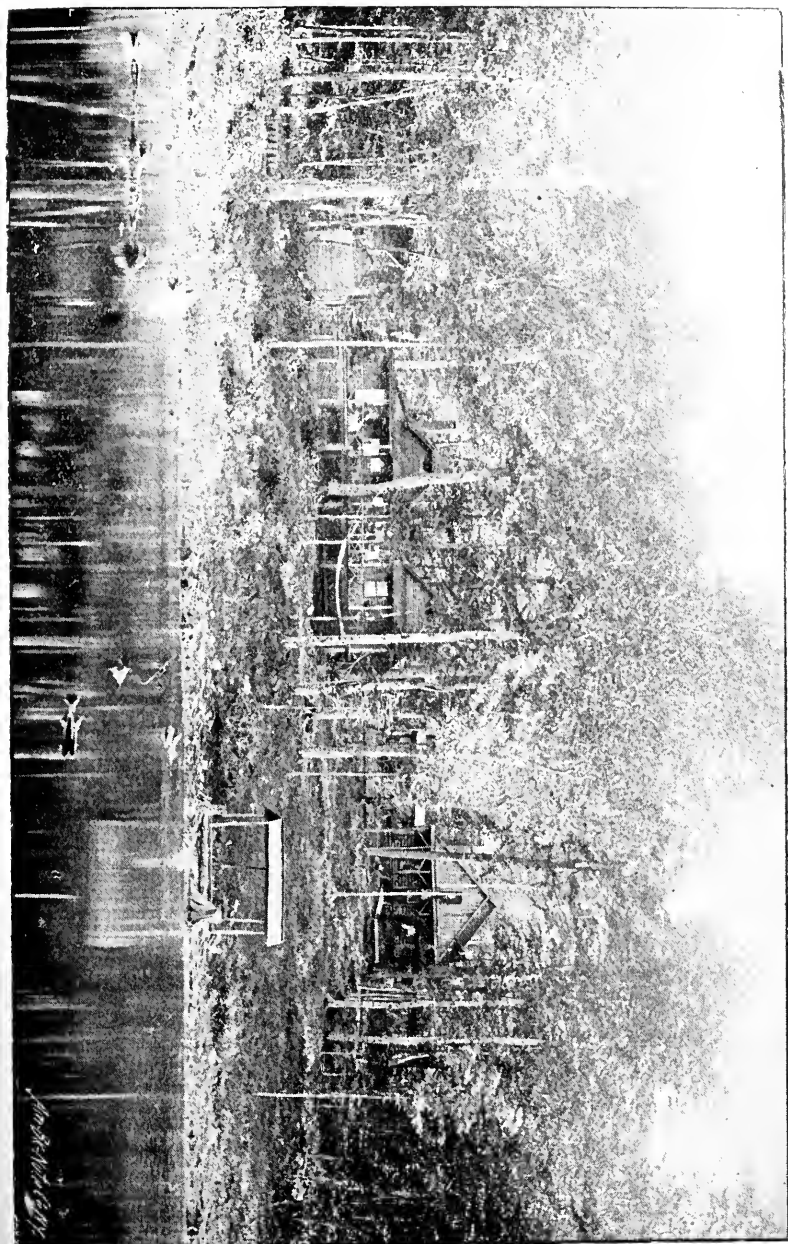
THIS crowning crag of the Catskills is the grandest and most interesting of the entire group, and it well deserves all the increased public notice which the past year or two has brought. It is directly south from Shandaken, about seven and a half miles air line. The proper place to leave the train for this mountain, however, is Big Indian. From this station the distance to its airy crest by carriage road and foot-path is about ten and a half miles. Eight miles of the way is a fair mountain road through the picturesque Big Indian Valley, and across the dividing ridge to the west branch of the Never-sink.

Here from the base of the mountain an easy and most interesting trail leads one to the summit. There are other routes of approach, but this is the shortest, easiest and best. A favorite plan with many is to stop at "Dutcher's" Panther Mountain House for the night, five miles from Big Indian; then, in the morning, drive to the base of the mountain, about ninety minutes, thence on foot to the top, ninety minutes more, unless one spends too much time in admiration and investigation on the way. Those in need of a guide on this trip will find in J. W. Dutcher much information and assistance. He is a noted character in that region, who has assumed a quasi proprietorship of this monarch of the Catskills—a sort of lessee of Nature, as it were—having blazed an excellent path to the summit and erected an observatory there. Some choose to spend the night on this summit, which is indeed a decision fraught with varied possibilities, for which ample preparation in advance is peculiarly judicious. But the sublime experience fully warrants the risk of encountering the terrible atmospheric conflicts that at times culminate there. Plenty of food and an abundance of warm clothing and blankets should be provided. A convenient ledge of rocks will be found, under which a small party can secure shelter.

The view from this mountain transcends that of any other in the range, it being nearly 200 feet above the highest. Here the lordly Hudson, like a broad silver ribbon, with an occasional fold hidden from view, is seen for about fifty miles, extending from the gate of the Highlands to near Hudson. The cities of Po'keepsie and Kingston, and numerous villages in New York and Connecticut are in sight. The Housatonic River also shimmers faintly far to the east, and portions of six different States can be identified. In the sublime sweep of vision from the observatory are streams, lakes, valleys, farms, factories,* church spires, railroads and mountains piled on mountains. To greet the rising sun from this crest on a clear morning, and watch again as it sinks over the rugged rim of mountains away to the west, is an experience that no description can portray or anticipate. A recent visitor was delighted with a most novel effect presented by the receding sun there on a remarkably clear afternoon. He says the huge lengthening shadow of the giant mountain, as it reached out toward the river, finally extended over the city of Kingston, and he plainly saw the whole city lying in the gloom of Slide Mountain. This is twelve or fourteen miles away through the air, and it is thus evident that the familiar characterization of Kingston as being "in the shadow of the Catskills," is not merely figurative, but real.

A large portion of this mountain, including the crest, belongs to the State. The spruce trees on and near the top are very thickly branched, so that one can recline upon their tops with ease. An excellent spring of water has been found near the crest. The slide, from which the mountain is named, is alluded to elsewhere in this book.

While at the beginning of the ascending path at the western base of Slide, might well have been noted the "Winnisook Lodge." This is a woodland preserve owned by a club of prominent citizens of Kingston City. The spot is wildly picturesque, and is a delightful place to spend the summer. About two miles beyond this, on the west branch of the Neversink, is the State Deer Park, which covers a portion of the 80,000 acres of State domain in the Catskills. It contains a fine herd of deer, and some other wild animals.



STAGE CONNECTIONS.

ARKVILLE.—Daily, except Sunday, throughout the year: For Margaretville, 2 miles, fare 15 cts.; Clark's Factory, 6 miles, fare 50 cts.; Andes, 12 miles, fare \$1.00.; Delhi, 26 miles, fare \$1.75.

Daily, except Sunday, throughout the year: For Lumberville, 8 miles, fare 50 cts.; Union Grove, 12 miles, fare 75 cts.; Shavertown, 15 miles, fare \$1.00; Pepacton, 19 miles, fare \$1.25; Downsville, 26 miles, fare \$1.50.

BIG INDIAN.—Daily, except Sunday, during summer months only: For Olivera, 2½ miles, fare 25 cts.; Slide Mountain P. O., 5 miles, fare 50 cts.; Winnisook Lodge, 8½ miles, fare 75 cts.; Branch, 12 miles, fare \$1.00; Frost Valley, 15 miles, fare \$1.00; Claryville, 22 miles, fare \$1.25.

BLOOMVILLE.—Daily, except Sunday, throughout the year: For Delhi, 8 miles, fare 75 cts.

GRAND GORGE.—Daily, except Sunday, throughout the year: For Prattsville, 6 miles, fare 50 cts.; Gilboa, 4½ miles, fare 40 cts.

HUNTER.—For Lexington, 9 miles, fare 75 cts.; Hensonville, 7 miles, fare 75 cts.; Windham, 9 miles, fare \$1.00.

SHANDAKEN.—Daily, except Sunday, throughout the year: For Bushnellville, 3 miles, fare 35 cts.; Westkill, 7 miles, fare 75 cts.; Lexington, 11 miles, fare \$1.00.

STAMFORD.—Daily, except Sunday, throughout the year: For Harpersfield Centre, 4½ miles, fare 50 cents.; Davenport, 14 miles, fare \$1.00; Oneonta, 27 miles, fare \$2.00.

Daily, except Sunday, throughout the year: For Jefferson, 7 miles, fare 75 cts.; Summit, Schoharie County, 14 miles, fare \$1.25; Richmondville, 18 miles, fare \$1.50.

WEST HURLEY.—During the Summer months only: For Mead's Mountain House, 8 miles, fare \$1.00; Overlook Mountain House, 9 miles, fare \$1.50.

Daily, except Sunday, throughout the year: For Woodstock, 5 miles, fare 50 cts.; Bearsville, 7 miles, fare 60 cts.; Lake Hill, 10 miles, fare 75 cents.

About Brook Trout.

"Sing sweet, O birds o' April! Sing sweet o'er hill and plain
While the wonderin' world is tangled in the sunlight an' the rain!
We ain't a pesterin' any one, jes' livin' at our ease,
A-huntin' when we want to, an' fishin' when we please!"

THE speckled brook trout is a princely member of the finny realm. It dwells only in clear, running, crystal water. The coolest, purest and best is never too good for trout; and to find these elements is a part of its instinct. These high conditions of habitat rarely exist in combination more happily than is found in the Catskills. The mountains and valleys are profusely threaded with these lovely brooks, and it is an ideal region for trout, as thousands of enthusiastic fishermen will bear graphic testimony. There is ample trout water abounding with fish where the angler may cast his fly without molestation, and with such success as his knowledge, skill and patience may warrant. This is especially true of the Ulster & Delaware section of the mountains, which has long been noted for its excellent fishing. Who has not heard of the Neversink trout streams, Biscuit Brook, the head of the Rondout, the east and west branches of the Delaware, the Beaverkill, Dry Brook, Bushkill, Watson Hollow Brook, Emory Brook, Stony Clove Creek, Mink Hollow Brook, Esopus Creek and scores of other finny streams which entice so many anglers here every year? At the opening of the trout season the Ulster & Delaware trains are loaded with fishermen, rods, bait and all manner of paraphernalia known to modern piscatorial art. Plenty of small hotels are to be found where good food and comfortable beds can be had, unless one prefers to camp along the streams. In that case a good tight tent with proper fittings is needed, also plenty of warm clothing and blankets, for the mountain rains at this season are frequent and exceedingly wet. Of course this camping method implies an abundance of plain, substantial food in the hampers, unless the angler is content with trout, which, when cooked and

served in the woods fresh from the stream, is food for a king. The flesh of this fish is very delicate, and it cannot well be preserved for any length of time after the fish is killed. Successful trout fishing is the acme of the angler's ambition. No bungling fisherman can catch the speckled brook trout. The fish is keen-witted and gamey, and can only be captured by preliminary deception and subsequent battle, with the odds all against the finny combatant. If the boys who have grown up along these streams at times surprise and disgust the theoretical city fisherman by catching more trout than he does, with all his most approved and complicated outfit, it is simply because the boy knows better how to fish. He is familiar with the habits of trout, knows how to deceive them with the least fuss and commotion, and never gets excited. Thus it will often be easier for the man with gorgeous scientific outfit to buy fish of the barefooted mountain lad than to catch them, even though he may have come hundreds of miles to enjoy the sport of landing the fish by his own skill and devices. And yet the effort to do this is not devoid of sport, and is sure to be full of exercise. Many will recall the following fish story of Washington Irving :

"I recollect that after toiling and watching and creeping about for the greater part of a day, with scarcely any success, in spite of all our admirable apparatus, a lubberly country urchin came down from the hills with a rod made from the branch of a tree, a few yards of twine, and, as heaven shall help me, I believe a crooked pin for a hook, baited with a vile earth-worm, and in half an hour caught more fish than we had nibbles throughout the day." Many an amateur can relate a similar experience. It is therefore unjust to condemn a stream and say there is no trout in it, simply because a bungling fisherman cannot catch any there. Trout are supremely happy in very little water, and big beauties love to disport in tiny brooklets, where by the displacement of their own bodies there is often barely room to float. They lurk in rocky, pebbly bottoms, and are well at home among mossy roots and margins. If a ray of sunlight filters through the over-hanging foliage and strikes some quiet pool, Mr. Speckle darts eagerly for it in the hope of securing some choice winged morsel, or basking in the sunlight.

THE ULSTER & DELAWARE R. R.

Has the Best and Most Complete Service

△ △ △ △ TO THE CATSKILLS,

AND IS THE ONLY LINE RUNNING

* * * Through Cars

From NEW YORK and PHILADELPHIA

WITHOUT CHANGE.

TWO SOLID FAST TRAINS

Daily (except Sunday) from New York, via West Shore Railroad, with Buffet Drawing-Room Service.

A SPECIAL WEEK-DAY TRAIN,

With Drawing-Room Service, connecting with Steamers of the Hudson River Day Line and N. Y. C. & H. R. R.

A MORNING TRAIN

Every day, connecting with Night Boats of Romer & Tremper Line, and Steamer Mary Powell.

A SPECIAL HALF-HOLIDAY TRAIN,

Via West Shore Railroad, without change, leaving New York every Saturday at 1.15 P.M.

A SPECIAL SATURDAY NIGHT TRAIN,

Leaving Rondout on arrival of Steamer W. F. Romer, which leaves New York at one o'clock P.M.

**ALSO CLOSE CONNECTION WITH FAST TRAINS ON THE
N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.**

The only THROUGH SLEEPING CAR SERVICE without change to New York, every Sunday Night.

SEASON OF 1894 OPENS JUNE 30TH.

TRANSIENT RATE, \$4.50 PER DAY.

The New Grand Hotel

S. J. CORNELL, MANAGER.

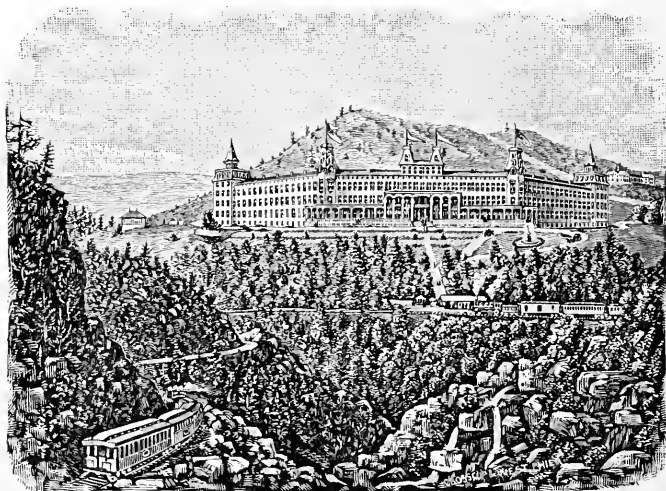
SUMMIT MOUNTAIN P. O., N. Y.

Elevation, 2500 Feet. Pure Spring Water. No Fogs. Perfect Sewerage. Pure, Dry Air. No Malaria. No Mosquitoes.

FOUR AND ONE-HALF HOURS FROM NEW YORK.

Only Hotel on Mountain Top Reached by Broad Gauge Railroad
Direct to Grounds. No Transfers.

TEMPERATURE even and from 15° to 20° cooler than in New York or Philadelphia. Resident Physician and Pharmacy in Hotel; also Post-Office, Telegraph Office, News Stands, etc. Three Concerts daily. The Hotel has a frontage of 675 feet; broad piazzas extend along front of main building. Only hotel on mountain top with direct access by rail. Parlor Cars direct to Hotel Grounds from New York or Philadelphia without change.



"NEW GRAND" FROM HORSE-SHOE CURVE.

The Greatest Health Resort in the Catskills.

The Most Popular Hotel in this Famous and Delightful Region.
Excellent Trout Fishing, Beautiful Drives and Walks.

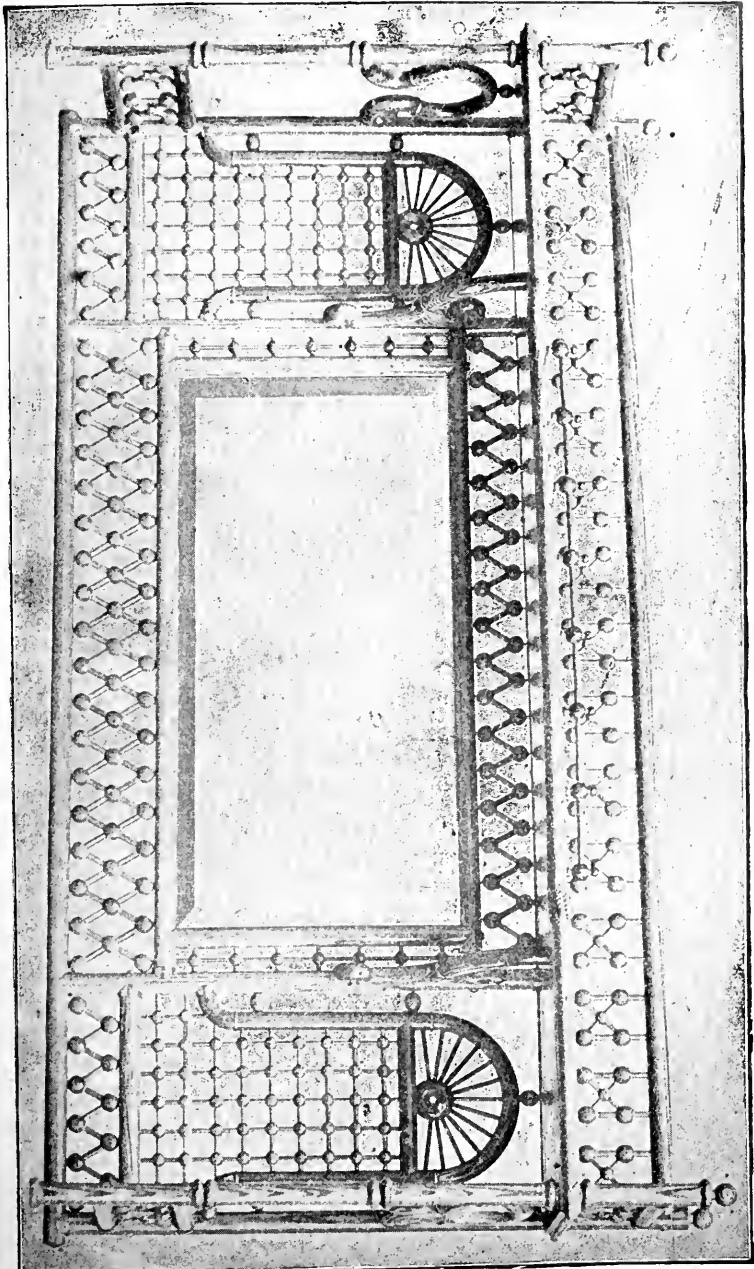
Personal applications may be made in New York to Mr. S. J. CORNELL, or Mr. H. J. PEARSON, at Hotel Marlborough, Broadway and 36th Street, and after June 30th to Summit Mt. P. O., Ulster Co., N. Y.

OPEN UNTIL LATE IN SEPTEMBER.

J. & S. J. CORNELL, Proprietors.

This Mantel Top for only \$18.00. Made in oak, only. Draperies for summer cottages, carpets, mattings, shades, portiers. White iron beds. Furnishing of summer homes a specialty. Please call and see our stock. No catalogue issued.

Hudson River Furniture Company.



△ △ △ **TANNER HOUSE.** △ △ △

THIS HOUSE is pleasantly located just out of the corporate limits of Stamford, five minutes' walk from store, depot, churches, telegraph office, etc. Enlarged and furnished during the past season, and has good accommodations for 75 guests. Cool, airy rooms, (several connected,) fan lights over doors, long, broad piazza, *no piazzas* in front of sleeping rooms, thereby giving you the full privacy of your room. Well warmed in damp or chilly weather. The table will be well supplied and neatly served with the best of meats, fish, chickens, the freshest of eggs, the best of Alderney butter, and all the pure, rich milk you wish at any time. Boating, fishing, croquet, tennis and piano. Two New York mails per day; your mail delivered to you a few minutes after train arrives. A beautiful pine and spruce grove of 25 acres, full of pleasant walks, many banks and shady dells, within two minutes' walk of the House, which is considered very beneficial for parties suffering with lung troubles. Trunks 25 cents.

West Shore Railroad to Kingston; New York Central & Hudson River Railroad and New York and Albany boats to Rhinebeck; Ferry to Rondout, and Ulster & Delaware Railroad to Stamford. No charge for conveyance of guests.

For terms, etc., write to

J. W. TANNER, Proprietor.

❧ **MOUNT UTSAYANTHA** ❧

STAMFORD. N. Y.

The Culminating Peak of the Western Catskills.

Most widely extended view in the range.

Only two and a half miles from railroad station.

Good carriage road with easy grade to the summit.

New tower with sides enclosed and outlook surrounded by glass.

This new tower is over 50 feet high, and has been erected by the Utsayantha Mountain Club to provide the best possible facilities for this magnificent outlook. The high elevation of Utsayantha Observatory, 3365 feet above tide-water, and its admirable situation in the range, affords an unobstructed view in every direction. From it twenty-eight peaks of the Catskills, the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts, the Green Mountains of Vermont and the Adirondacks are plainly visible.

Mr. Walton VanLoan who is an authority on the high mountain peaks, says the prospect from this peak embraces 20,000 square miles, and is the most comprehensive view of any peak in the Catskill range.

Excursion tickets, good until November 1st, can be obtained from all points on the U. & D. R. R. Conveyances will always be in readiness to convey visitors to the summit. Meals and entertainment furnished for those desiring to remain over night to witness a glorious sunset and sunrise. For information address,

J. HAMILTON, Secretary,

UTSAYANTHA MOUNTAIN CLUB,

STAMFORD, Delaware County, N. Y.

**BIG INDIAN AND CLARYVILLE STAGE
LINE.**

Parties taken to any part of the Big Indian and Never-sink Valleys. Stage leaves Big Indian daily on arrival of the morning trains. Livery meets all trains. First-class single and double rigs for fishing and hunting parties. Parties visiting Slide Mountain furnished with conveyance at short notice and reasonable rates.

Big Indian, N. Y.

W. ATKINS, Prop.

HOTEL KAATERSKILL,

Kaaterskill Park

Kaaterskill Mountain

Kaaterskill Falls

Kaaterskill Lake Kaaterskill Clove

The Grandest and Loftiest Hotel
 in America.

3000 feet elevation,

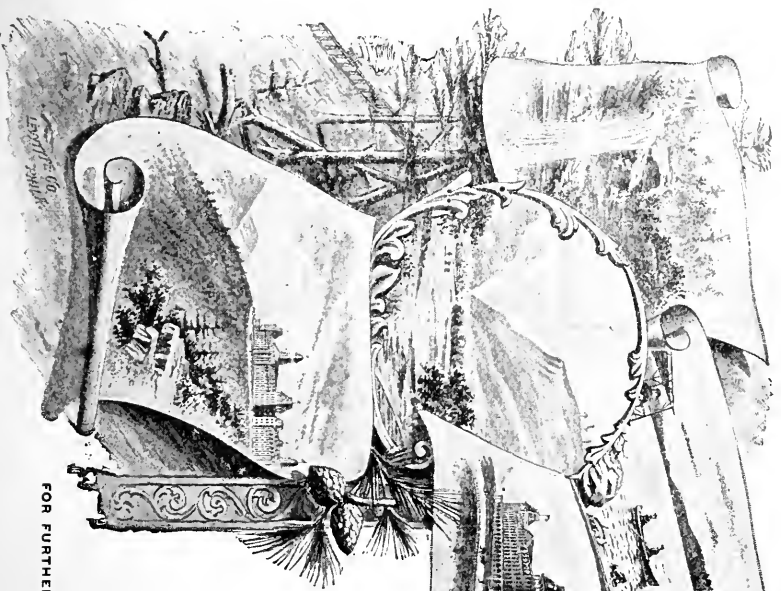
90 miles of Hudson River View,

Direct Railroad Access.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ADDRESS,

HOTEL KAATERSKILL,

KAATERSKILL P. O., N. Y.



△ △ PALACE HOTEL △ △

—❖—*Formerly LaMent's Hotel.*—❖—

OPEN THE YEAR AROUND.

A BEAUTIFUL Summer Home, delightfully situated in the midst of the Catskill Mountains, at the entrance of the famous Echo Notch, on the Ulster & Delaware Railroad, 33 miles west of the Hudson River. Within five minutes' walk of the depot, and about four and a half hours by rail from New York City.

Parlor Cars, via West Shore Railroad, direct to Shandaken without change. Elevation, 1100 feet. Hotel carriages meet all trains.

Palace Hotel (formerly Lament House) has been thoroughly renovated and refurnished under the new management this season, and has ample accommodations for 150 guests. The Hotel is lighted by gas and heated by steam, has Electric Bells, Baths, Toilet Rooms, Etc.

New Bowling Alley—containing four beds,

Lawns for Archery and Croquet,

Tennis Court, Etc.

Shandaken is central for all the principal hotels and places of interest in the Catskills, and excursions may be made to any of them either by rail or carriage, returning the same day. A ride of six miles up the Bushnellville Valley brings one to the beautiful lake and ice caves in Echo Notch. Good livery and saddle horses connected with the Hotel.

Music for Dancing in the evening. Pure mountain spring water, by natural force, on every floor. Good trout fishing in the immediate vicinity. First-class city reference given at any time.

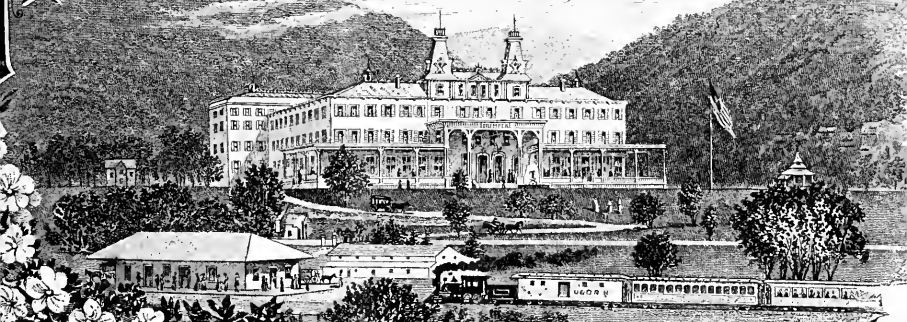
Descriptive circular and diagram of rooms sent on application. For terms and other information, address or call on

W. N. FITCHETT, Manager,

SHANDAKEN, N. Y.

Formerly of ORIENT POINT HOTEL, Orient, L. I.

Catskill Mountains TREMPER HOUSE Phoenicia, Ulster Co. N.Y.



SEASON 1894.

Open from June 10th to October 15th.

THE "TREMPER HOUSE," by C. T. JONES, of Elberon, N. J., is situated at Phoenicia, Ulster Co., N. Y., in the heart of the famous Catskill Mountains. Its unsurpassed situation for health, convenience of access (being only 27 miles from the Hudson River), fine air, PURE SPRING WATER, perfect drainage, central location and nearness to all points

of beauty and interest in the mountains, need no introduction to those who have visited the Catskills.

The Hotel is modern throughout, and is built on a natural bluff about one-quarter of a mile from the Railroad Station, and is 1560 feet above tide water, being at the head of the Stony Clove, from whose inmost recesses an inexhaustible supply of cool air continually makes the summer temperature

delightful and invigorating. A STREAM OF WATER DRAWN FROM A SPRING of sparkling purity that issues from the side of the nearest mountain, flows THROUGH THE HOUSE and is CARRIED TO EACH FLOOR. It contains 165 rooms. It is heated by steam, and has gas and electric bells in every room. Its elevated situation above the surrounding plain and the waters of the soil, gives it the most complete and perfect drainage, and malaria, miasma and mosquitoes are unknown.

Cottages on the ground adjoining the Hotel will be rented to families on reasonable terms, and meals served therein, or at the Hotel.

Amusements will consist of billiards, bowling, lawn tennis, croquet and base ball; boating, hunting and fishing, fireworks, full-dress hops, straw rides, etc.

Livery—In connection with the Hotel, under the personal supervision of the Hotel, where carriages can be had at reasonable rates; also ample accommodations for private carriages and horses. A number of saddle horses from a riding academy, with a competent master, will be an additional attraction.

Routes—Phoenicia is situated on the Ulster & Delaware Railroad, having six express Trains daily each way, three of which, by the West Shore Railroad, have parlor coaches attached—without change, New York to Hotel; the West Shore Railroad to Kingston, foot Jay Street, New York, or foot of West Forty-second Street; Hudson River Railroad to Rhinecliff, Forty-second Street Depot, New York; Albany Day Line Steamers to Rhinecliff, from foot of Desbrosses Street and West Twenty-second Street, New York; Rondout Line Steamers to Kingston, from foot West Tenth Street, New York, Pier 46, North River; Steamer Mary Powell to Kingston, foot Desbrosses Street, New York.

Daily direct communication without change of cars from Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia, via Pennsylvania Railroad and West Shore Railroad. Hotel stages will meet every train at the Railroad Station, which is only one-quarter of a mile from the Hotel.

For engagement of rooms, circulars, or other information, address,

C. T. JONES,

THE TREMPER HOUSE,

Phoenicia, Ulster Co., N. Y.

Churchill Hall,

STAMFORD, N. Y.

Most Delightful Location in the Catskills.

Healthful and Attractive. Easy of Access.

ELEVATION, 1800 FEET.

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED FOR SEASON OF '94.



REAR VIEW CHURCHILL HALL.

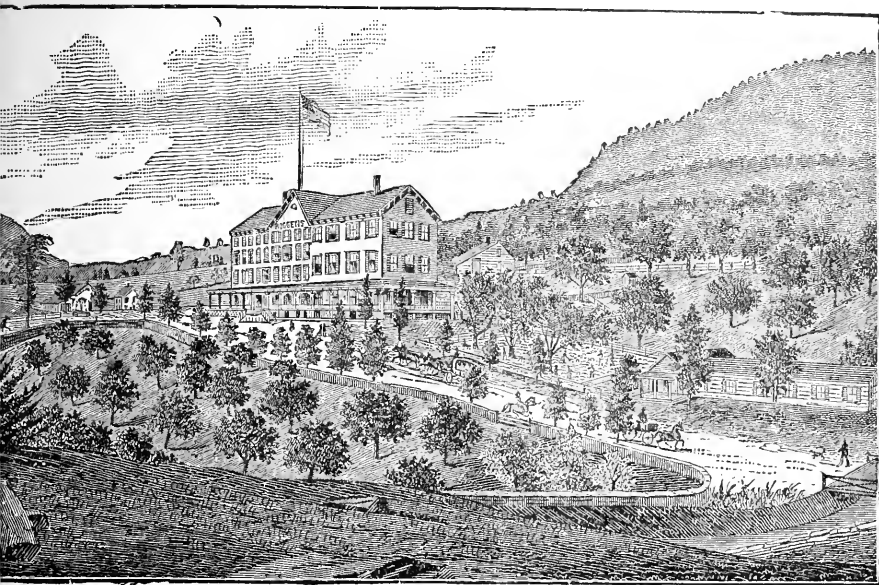
ANOTHER large addition has been made to Churchill Hall this year—the New South Extension. With its high and massive tower, splendid rooms with many private baths attached, this enlargement is a unique feature of the house. Churchill Hall is admirably equipped for a summer home. Electric lights, electric bells, a commodious reading-room, library of several hundred volumes, fine music hall, baths and telegraph office are among its appointments.

Stamford is the starting point for the trip to Cooperstown and Richfield Springs through the Charlotte Valley. Tourists will find Churchill Hall a desirable stopping place, and will be provided with good conveyances for the delightful drive to Davenport Centre, terminus of Cooperstown Railroad, connecting with same trains as via Bloomville.

For further information, descriptive circular and terms, address

S. E. CHURCHILL, M. D.,

STAMFORD, N. Y.



SEASON OF 1894.

ROGGEN'S MOUNTAIN HOTEL,

IN THE HEART OF THE CATSKILLS.

**Open all the year. Accommodation for 150 Guests.
Elevation of 2000 feet above tide-water. Only 5
minutes' ride from Station. Carriages will be in
waiting for Guests on arrival of Trains.**

THE Hotel farm of 250 acres provides an abundance of fresh vegetables, milk, poultry, etc. Pure spring water on each floor. Many places of interest in vicinity, including Hotel Kaaterskill, Mountain House, Kaaterskill Falls, Laurel House, Haines' Falls, Overlook Mountain House, Hunter, Clum Hill, Star Rock, Twilight Park, Kaaterskill and Plaaterkill Cloves, the wonderful Stony Clove, Tannersville Driving Park, Beaver Lake, Raspberry Lane, Elka Park, East-Kill-Valley, Fawn's Leap, Profile Rock and Sleepy Hollow. Six miles from terminus of Otis Elevating Railway. Adjoining the hotel property is the new Onteora Park, which, under the direction of Mr. Vaux, of Central Park Fame, has been laid out in graded drives, shaded walks, and many cottages erected.

*For July and August \$10.00 to \$15.00 per week; \$2.00,
\$2.50 per day. At other seasons of the year Terms on application.*

SPECIAL RATES TO FAMILIES.

*Telegraph and Telephone, Livery, Billiards, Bowling, Tennis and
Croquet, Barber-Shop, Post-Office opposite the Hotel.*

EXCELLENT FISHING AND BOATING.

ROUTES FROM NEW YORK.

West Shore R.R. via Kingston all rail to Tannersville, or via Catskill, West Shore R.R. or N. Y. C. & H. R. R.R. and Otis Elevating to Tannersville, Day or Night Boats via Kingston or Catskill, thence by rail to Tannersville.

On application carriages will meet guests at Palenville.

W. P. ELLIS, Proprietor, - Tannersville, Greene Co., N. Y.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,

**ARKVILLE, Delaware Co., N. Y.
IN THE WESTERN CATSKILLS.**

HOUSE pleasantly located on the main street near Depot. Within two minutes' walk of the Post and Telegraph Offices, and five minutes from church. Rooms large and airy. Fine views of mountains and valleys from every window. Good fishing and hunting. The famous Dry Brook and Halcott Trout streams join the East Branch of the Delaware River at this point, making it a headquarters for fishermen. Accommodations for thirty. Terms \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements by the week. Good livery and first-class accommodations for horses.

H. R. WAIT, Proprietor.

❁❁ BIG INDIAN HOTEL ❁❁

BIG INDIAN, ULSTER CO., N. Y.

Elevation 1209 Feet.

Open all the Year.

THIS well-known house is situated opposite the U. & D. R. R. station at the mouth of the Big Indian Valley, which has gained notoriety from its trout streams which afford excellent fishing. Parties en route to Slide Mountain, Winnisook Lodge, State Deer Park and the famous East and West Branches of the Neversink, will find this hotel convenient headquarters, as it is located on the only direct route to the above places. House has been newly furnished throughout and otherwise improved. Accommodations for thirty-five guests.

TERMS: \$7.00, \$9.00 AND UPWARD.

GOOD LIVERY ATTACHED TO THE HOTEL.

G. W. LAMENT, Manager.

THE LAUREL HOUSE AND KAATERSKILL FALLS

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT THE PAST FOUR SEASONS.

One mile from Hotel Kaaterskill; One mile and a half from
Catskill Mountain House.



LAUREL HOUSE—J R. PALMER, Proprietor.

POST OFFICE ADDRESS, HAINES' FALLS P. O., GREEN CO., NEW YORK.

THE favorable and well-known Laurel House, located at the head of the celebrated Kaaterskill Falls, has recently been enlarged and newly furnished, having a capacity of 250 guests. Entire new plumbing and kitchen facilities. The entire management will be under the personal supervision of the proprietor, J. R. Palmer, who is also manager of the Palmer House, the famous winter resort, Lakewood, N. J. Time from New York, three hours and a half. **Only Pure Spring Water Used. Perfect Drainage. No Malaria.** 'Bus meets all trains from Laurel House Station free of charge. Gas, hot and cold baths, electric bells, etc. Over 600 feet of piazza on the building—more than any other hotel on the Mountains. First-class livery. Music by good orchestra.

—TERMS—

June and September, \$15 to \$20 for Single Rooms, \$20 to \$35 for Double Rooms. July and August, \$15 to \$25 for Single, \$25 to \$40 for Double. Daily, \$2.50 to \$4.00 a Day.

Circulars furnished on application.

Western Union Telegraph Office in the House.

~ THE STAMFORD MIRROR. ~

S. B. CHAMPION, Editor and Proprietor.

\$1.00 A YEAR.

CIRCULATION 2,000.

∴ ∴ ∴ The Job Department ∴ ∴ ∴

Is equipped with the latest styles of type, fast presses, etc., and is prepared to do all kinds of Printing at reasonable prices.

HOTEL FLEISCHMANN,

E. C. LASHER, PROPRIETOR.

Accommodates 35 Guests.

Elevation 1,700 Feet.

House Newly Furnished Throughout.

—+— TERMS ON APPLICATION. —+—

Livery attached. Near George Gould's Summer Resort and Grand Hotel.

FLEISCHMANN'S, N. Y.

SIMPSON TERRACE

New House with Modern Improvements. Unobstructed View. Elevation, 2000 feet. Terms according to location of Rooms and length of Stay.

Address, SIMPSON TERRACE, Stamford, Del. Co., N. Y.

THE WESTHOLM, Stamford, Del. Co., N. Y.

CUISINE OF THE BEST.



THE WESTHOLM is situated in the western part of the Village of Stamford, has accommodations for forty persons. The house is new, and has all modern improvements for the convenience and comfort of the refined and better class of summer visitors. The rooms are large, and many of them connecting, while all have remarkably pleasant views both of mountain and valley.

Great care has also been taken to have the plumbing work as perfect as possible.

Within five minutes' walk of depot, post-office, or either of the five churches in the village.

References given if desired.

Terms, on the basis of \$10 per week. Special arrangements with parties remaining during the season.

Parties will be met at the depot upon notification.

No applications desired from Hebrews.

Address,

Mrs. H. S. PRESTON,

STAMFORD, Delaware Co., N. Y.



Elevation
1,800 feet. Ca-
pacity 75. All
modern im-
provements,
including el-
ectric bells,
toilet rooms
on each floor,
bath rooms, el-
ectric light,
etc. House
open year
round. Heat-
ed through-
out. Prices on
application.



Mountain View House, Benj. McKillip, Prop., Stamford, N. Y.

H. W. PALEN'S SONS,

— DEALERS IN —

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Siding, Flooring, &c.

— MANUFACTURERS OF —

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Stairs, Trim, &c.

Contracts taken to furnish all material necessary for the construction of a house. Estimates furnished. Correspondence solicited.

Main Office, Corner St. James and Prince Sts.

Yards, Prince St. and Wilbur Avenue, Kingston, N. Y.

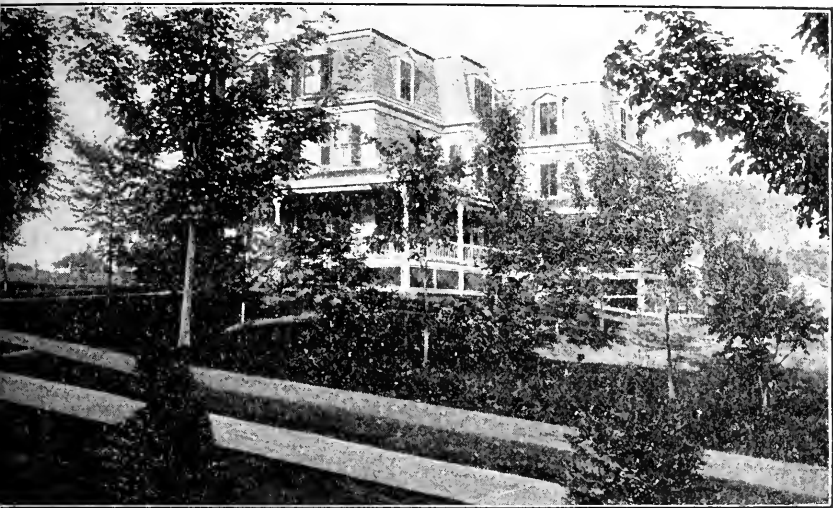
INGLESIDE,

SEMINARY HEIGHTS,

STAMFORD, N. Y.

Fine Location. Send for circular. Address,

E. O. COVEL.



INGLESIDE.

THE ARCADIAN GROVE HOUSE

IS situated on an eminence overlooking the Village of Arena, in a large Maple Grove.

Seven miles from the Depot, and five minutes' walk from Post-Office, Telegraph Office and Church.

It is beautifully located on the western slope of the Catskills, about 1750 feet above sea level, on the banks of the Delaware River, midway between the summit of the mountains and the Beaverkill fishing grounds. Surrounded by tall mountains, waterfalls, lakes and streams of various sizes, it is a fine place for boating, bathing, fishing, driving and hunting.

This house will be open for the entertainment of guests from May 1st, to November 1st. As this is the opening season for this house, no means have been spared to make everything pleasant and enjoyable for the entertainment of guests. Hoping to have the pleasure of entertaining yourself and friends this season, an early correspondence is solicited, as but a limited number can be entertained at once.

Terms made known on application.

W. W. SCUDDER,

ARENA, DELAWARE CO., N. Y.



THE NEW GRANT HOUSE, - - Stamford, N. Y.

Will open JUNE 1st and remain open until NOVEMBER 1st. The house is new, well-heated, and furnished with all modern improvements, including electric bells, electric lights and Western Union Telegraph. Livery. For rates and other particulars address,
J. P. GRANT, Proprietor.

THE MARTIN,

PHOENICIA, ULSTER Co., N. Y.

 Catskill Mountains.

Close to the station. Junction of Ulster & Delaware and Stony Clove & Catskill Mountain Railroads. Refreshments of all kinds served at short notice. Meals prepared at any hour by notifying proprietor by wire. Several of the best trout streams in the mountains are in this vicinity, and good hunting but a short distance from House.

Single and double turnouts furnished at reasonable rates to take parties fishing, hunting or driving. First-class board and accommodations. For other particulars and information as to hunting and fishing, board, etc., address as above.

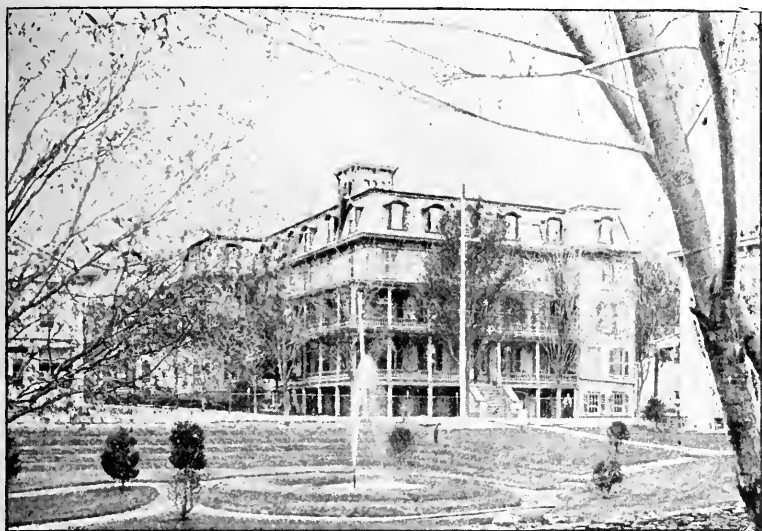
W. B. MARTIN, Proprietor.

(Formerly Proprietor of Martin House, Lexington, N. Y.)

Terms \$2.00 per Day.

Special Arrangements by the Week or Month.

ACKERLY HOUSE AND PARK ■ ■ ■ ■ ■



MARGARETVILLE, DELAWARE CO., N. Y.

— OPEN ALL THE YEAR. —

THIS House is located in the beautiful Village of Margaretville, Delaware County, N. Y., in the western part of the Catskill Mountains, nine miles from Grand Hotel Station, Summit Mountain, and 49 miles from Kingston-on-the-Hudson. The house is lighted with gas, and is supplied with pure spring water on every floor and in many of the rooms.

Connected with and near the House is a beautiful park, situated on the east branch of the Delaware River, containing shade trees, walks, arbors, lawn tennis courts, swings, etc. The vicinity abounds in picturesque scenery, beautiful drives and walks, and there is excellent trout fishing.

Guests can purchase tickets in New York, Brooklyn or Jersey City, by all routes via Kingston or Rondout to Arkville Station (U. & D. R. R.) where they will leave the cars and take the omnibus to the house, which is only fifteen minutes' ride from the depot. Fare 15 cents.

Accommodates 150.

Terms \$8 to \$15 per Week.

LIVERY ATTACHED.

For Circulars, etc., please address,

THOMAS HILL, Jr, Proprietor,
MARGARETVILLE, Delaware Co., N. Y.

△ △ BANCROFT HOUSE, △ △

Stamford, Delaware Co., N.Y.



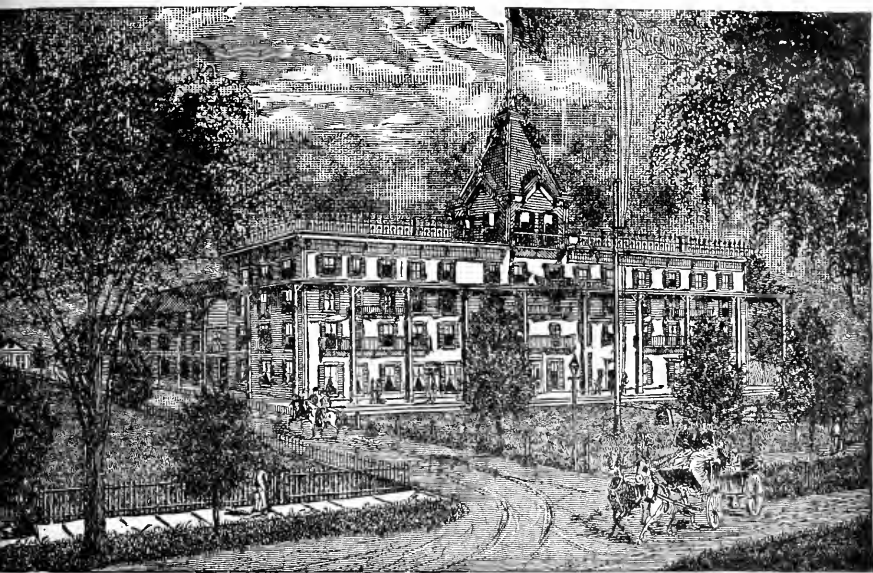
THE BANCROFT HOUSE is beautifully situated at the western end of Stamford Village, at an elevation of 2000 feet, commanding a fine view of the surrounding mountains and overlooking the Delaware Valley. As the building stands in the centre of a large open lot, there are no unpleasant back rooms. All are light and airy and have good views.

Extensive Piazzas. Large Lawn in Front and Rear.

..... Lawn Tennis, Croquet, etc.

The sanitary condition is perfect, as all pipes and sewers are ventilated through the roof. Cuisine is noted as one of the best. Good, pure spring water. Five minutes from churches, telegraph, post-office and depot.

GEORGE H. BANCROFT.



THE HUNTER HOUSE

IS located in the pleasant village of Hunter, "Among the Catskills," and abounds in magnificent mountain scenery. The well-known house is at an elevation of 1644 feet above tidewater, and immediately opposite—but two miles distant—is Hunter Mountain, 4052 feet high, the highest peak of the whole Catskill range. The rooms all command pleasant views, and are neatly and comfortably furnished, many of them having private balconies. Sufficient arrangements to warm the rooms in cold weather. Excursionists entertained at reasonable rates. Good bath-rooms in the house.

The Table, which is one of the most important features, and to which we give special attention, is supplied with butter, eggs, milk and vegetables fresh from vicinity of house. Cuisine as good as any house in the Catskills. Pure spring water, constantly running, is supplied by a never-failing spring.

Rates for Board—Transients, \$2.50 to \$3.00 per day, according to location of room. Weekly Board from \$10.00 to \$17.00. To families remaining the entire season we make special rates. Special rates for May and June, September and October. Sanitary arrangements perfect.

Livery—First-class livery and conveyances of all kinds to hire. Buggies, two, three and four seated wagons for pleasure parties. Hunter House Omnibus meets all trains. Free to and from the house. Five minutes ride from depot. Good boarding stables for parties bringing their own horses.

Amusements—Billiard Room and Bowling Alley on the premises. Parlor entertainments permitted. Hunter has three churches—Presbyterian, Methodist and Catholic. Episcopal services in Union Hall. First-class barber shop in the house.

Address: **M. C. VAN PELT, Hunter, Green Co., N. Y.**

Access—By West Shore Railroad, from foot of Franklin Street or 42d Street, North River, to Kingston, thence by Ulster & Delaware Railroad to Phoenicia, thence by Stony Clove & Catskill Mountain Railway to Hunter.

Hudson River Railroad, from 42d Street (Grand Central Depot), to Rhinebeck, thence by ferry to Rondout, and Ulster & Delaware Railroad, as above.

Day Boats from foot of Desbrosses Street and 22d Street to Rhinebeck, thence by ferry to Rondout, and Ulster & Delaware Railroad, as above.

The J. W. Baldwin, from foot West 10th Street, N. R., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 4 P. M.

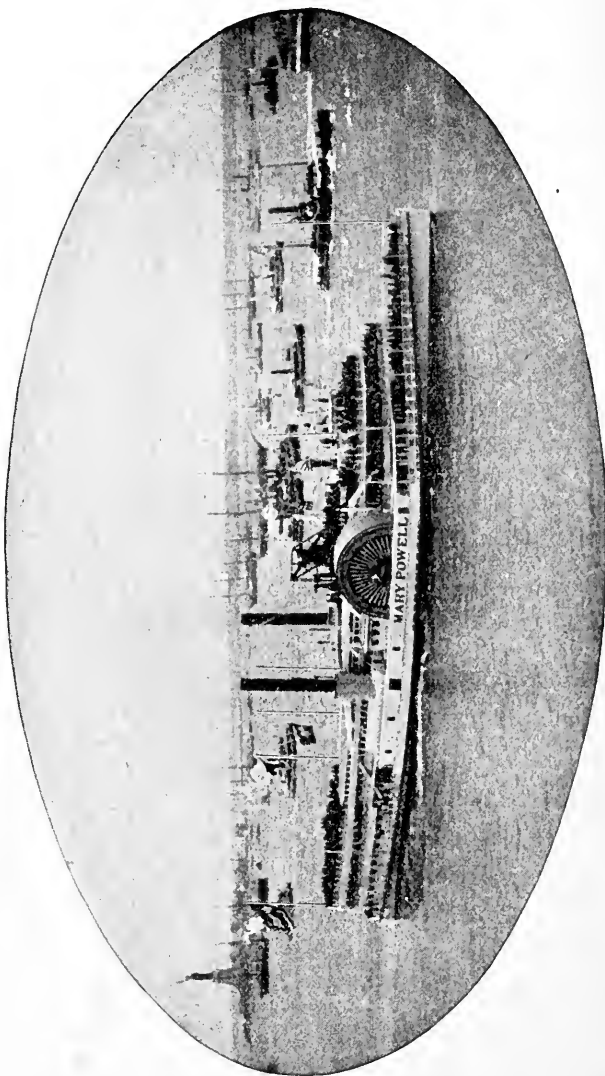
The William F. Romer, from foot of West 10th Street, N. R., Tuesday and Thursday at 4 P. M., Saturday, at 1 P. M.

STEAMER **MARY POWELL**



FOR WEST POINT, CORNWALL, NEWBURGH, PO'KEEPSIE, RONDOUT AND KINGSTON.

EXCURSION — TO — WEST POINT



RETURNING VIA
WEST SHORE R. R. SAME DAY.

PRICE, - - - \$1.00.

Leaving Desbrosses Street at 3 15 p. m. Saturdays at 1 45 p. m. Leaving West 22d Street at 3 30 p. m. Saturdays at 2 p. m.
Connections are made with Morning Trains on the **ULSTER & DELAWARE RAILROAD** for all Points in the **CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.**
Meals Served at ALL HOURS, a la carte. Table D'Hôte Dinner, 75 Cents.



HAMILTON HOUSE. THIRD SEASON.

—«NEW AND ELEGANT»—

IT has three attractive fronts, is the nearest to the depot and the most central in the village. The rooms are unusually large, with closets, ventilators, etc., the furniture is entirely new; steam heat, bath-rooms and all modern improvements. The proprietor intends to keep up the reputation of the table for *unsurpassed excellence*. Full view of the surrounding mountains and the valley of the Delaware.

Private Dining Rooms specially for the accommodation of Excursion Parties from other hotels and boarding houses on the line of the Ulster & Delaware Railroad. Those wishing to visit Mount Utsayantha on the arrival of the morning train and return on the afternoon train, can have meals ready on arrival, by telegraphing to the proprietor, and conveyance for the mountain furnished at reasonable rates. Tourists for Coopers-town taken to the railroad station at West Davenport.

The bar is supplied with the choicest wines, liquors and cigars.

Prices, \$10 to \$20, according to location, size of room and length of stay. Accommodation for 100.

Correspondence solicited. Address,

A. E. TALLMADGE, Proprietor,

Stamford, Delaware County, N. Y.

— 1 8 9 4 —

NEW YORK - KINGSTON

LINE STEAMERS

—FOR THE—

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS

STEAMERS

JAMES W. BALDWIN

—AND—

WILLIAM F. ROMER

—FROM—

FOOT WEST 10TH STREET, PIER 46 NORTH RIVER, DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAY, AT 4 P.M.

SATURDAY BOAT, 1.00 P. M.

Connecting at Rondout with Express Train for all Stations on Ulster & Delaware, Stony Clove and Kaaterskill Railroads

AND ALL POINTS IN THE

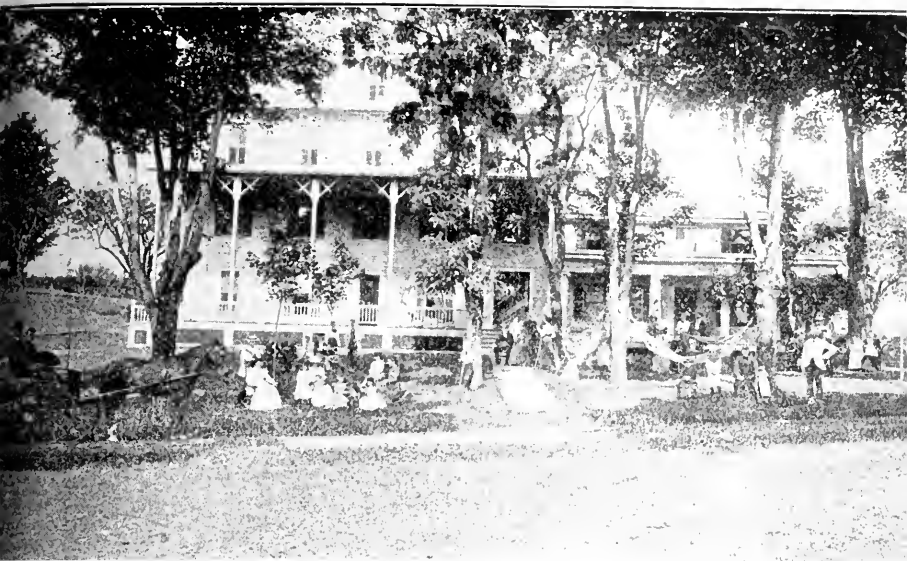
CATSKILL MOUNTAINS

ON SUNDAYS, DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS,

Two boats will leave for NEW YORK—Steamer James W. Baldwin will leave RONDOUT at 6.00 o'clock P.M., and Steamer William F. Romer on arrival of last train on the Ulster & Delaware R. R. will leave RONDOUT at 11.00 o'clock P.M.

ROMER & TREMPER STEAMBOAT COMPANY,

RONDOUT, N. Y.



he Madison

Accommodations for fifty. Terms \$10 to \$15, according to rooms. Livery connecte
with house. All modern improvements. A. C. VAN DYKE, PROPRIETOR,

STAMFORD, N. Y.

ATCHINSON HOUSE,

STAMFORD, N. Y.

THE ATCHINSON HOUSE is beautifully situated at the western end of the Village at an elevation of 2000 feet, commanding a grand view of the surrounding mountains and the beautiful Delaware Valley.

The House has just been enlarged, well heated and furnished with all modern improvements. Rooms are large, well lighted and furnished with comfortable beds, toilet rooms, hot and cold water on each floor, also connected with the public sewerage system.

The tables will be supplied with fresh milk, butter, poultry, eggs and vegetables from the farm connected with the house.

Reduced rates for spring and fall. Free carriage to and from trains. Good livery attached. For references and prices address,

W. D. ATCHINSON.

CANFIELD COTTAGE,

C. C. CANFIELD, Proprietor,
STAMFORD, N. Y.



THIS is an entirely NEW HOUSE, located very pleasantly on an elevated portion of the Village. It is an up-to-date building with the modern improvements, such as bath and toilet rooms on each floor, sewer connections, heated by hot air. The rooms are large and comfortable. Broad verandas. The location is convenient to post-office, depot, express and telegraph offices.

We ask an investigation of the merits of this House, knowing that it would please you.

Terms and other information on application to the proprietor.

C. C. CANFIELD,
Stamford,
New York.

HOTEL RYER, SOUTH KORTRIGHT, - - - -

Delaware County, N. Y.

OPEN ALL THE YEAR.

NEWLY built and furnished. First-class accommodations for transient parties or those spending the summer among the Mountains.

Within three minutes' walk of Railroad Station, Post-Office, Church and Telegraph Office.

ACCOMMODATIONS FOR 25 GUESTS.

All requests by wire or mail promptly attended to.

For terms, which are reasonable, Address,

ALBERT T. RYER, Proprietor.

THE ARLINGTON,

G. W. SHOEMAKER, Prop.



MR. G. W. SHOEMAKER (former manager of the Twilight Inn, for years) announces to his many friends and former guests that he has purchased this new house, and will open the season of 1894 at this popular summer resort under his personal management, early in June.

The House is built after the most improved plans, and has first-class accommodations for 100 guests. The furniture and bedding are all new and of the best quality. The best of hair mattresses on all beds. Rooms of various sizes, and many connecting; large closets in most of the rooms. The ventilation of this House is perfect. Fan lights over all doors. Perfect sanitary system; inspection solicited.

Hunter Mountain is one of the highest in the Catskills, the elevation being over 4,000 feet.

◆ ◆ THE TABLE, ◆ ◆

Which is one of the most important features, and to which we give special attention, is first-class in every particular. Pure spring water, constantly running, is supplied by a never-failing spring.

THE ARLINGTON will positively not entertain Hebrews.

◆ ◆ LIVERY. ◆ ◆ ◆

First-class livery and conveyances of all kinds to hire. Saddle horses, dog-carts, buggies, phaetons, buckboards and large two and four-seated carriages for pleasure parties near at hand. Our own coaches meet all trains. Fare, passengers, 25 cents. Baggage delivered free. Ten minutes' ride from depot. Address,

G. W. SHOEMAKER, HUNTER, N. Y.



DELAWARE HOUSE,

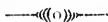


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STAMFORD, DELAWARE COUNTY, N. Y.

Elevation, 2000 Feet. . . . Accommodations for 40 Guests.



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No pains will be spared to make it a first-class summer home.

Free 'bus to and from all trains.

Terms, \$2.25 per day, \$8.00 to \$12.00 per week. Special rates to families.

MRS. M. M. BOGGS,

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Six miles from South Kortright Depot. Daily mail. Good brook and pond fishing.

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Will be opened again this season for the accommodation of guests.

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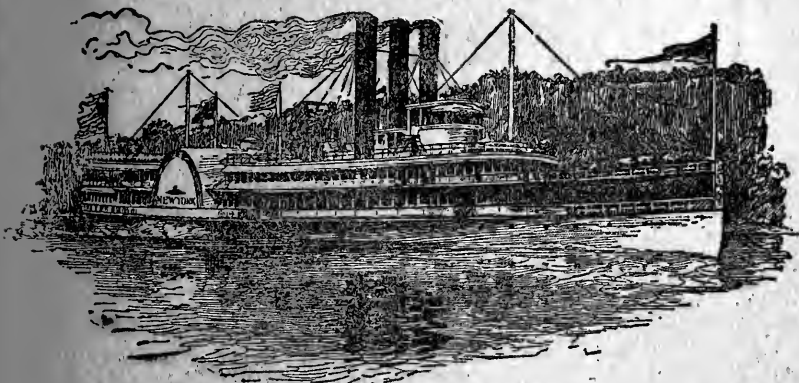
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Daily, except Sunday, from

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| BROOKLYN, (by Annex) | 8.00 A.M. | NEW YORK, 22d St. Pier, N. R., | 9.00 A.M. |
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Connecting at RHINEBECK (by Ferry) with Express Trains on the
ULSTER & DELAWARE RAILROAD for all Points in the

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

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All tourists entertain the hope of enjoying, at some time, the charming scenery of the noble river which for variety and beauty is unequalled the world over. The costly and picturesque villas on the east shore of the lower Hudson, the wonderful Palisades, the grand and rugged Highlands, historic West Point, the towering Catskills and the pastoral fields sloping to the waters of the upper Hudson, form an ever-varying panorama that must always command the unqualified admiration of all true lovers of the beautiful in Nature.

Appreciating the demand of the better class of tourists for comfort and luxury, the management of the DAY LINE have perfected their service in every manner possible, keeping it fully abreast of the times. The elegant steamers are as famous as is the majestic river on which they run. Built of iron, of great speed and superb appointments, they are the finest of their class afloat. No freight of any description is carried, the steamers being designed exclusively for the passenger service. Richly furnished private parlors, giving absolute seclusion and privacy to small parties or families, are provided, and handsomely appointed dining-rooms with superior service are on the main deck, affording an uninterrupted view of the magnificent scenery for which the Hudson is renowned.

Excursion Tickets to Catskill Mountain Points are for sale at all the New York and Brooklyn Offices of the DAY LINE at Reduced Rates. Baggage
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C. T. Van Santvoord,
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F. B. Hibbard,
Gen'l Passenger Agt.

The Haunts of Rip Van Winkle

—w—w—w—

What a tale has been told us of good old Rip Van Winkle!

What a favorite with all but old Dame Van Winkle!

How the children would shout with joy, whenever he approached. Why! he assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories about ghosts, witches and Indians.

Why! the stray dogs loved him; surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clamoring on his back, playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity, and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

Rip did not take kindly to labor for revenue, but Dame Van Winkle did. He was one of those happy mortals of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who would take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever could be had with least thought or trouble and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon and night her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence.

In search of quiet and rest old Rip started on a long ramble and unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest of the Catskill Mountains. Late in the afternoon, panting and fatigued, he threw himself on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage that crowned the brow of a precipice.

From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with a reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue Highlands.

On the other side he looked down into the deep mountain glen, wild, lonely and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing, and the beautiful mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

Rip then met the queer little Dutch people. He was naturally a thirsty soul and was soon tempted to help himself to their Holland beverage, which proved itself too strong for him.

Twenty long years of silent slumber followed.

The war of the Revolution took place; George Washington was the hero of many a battle in the historic Hudson Valley against the force of King George III.

Rip awoke and returned to town, where he had some difficulty in finding his folks and old acquaintances. Dame Van Winkle had gone forever, but his grandchildren remained.

When railroads became the fashion and then a necessity the

WEST-SHORE =RAILROAD=

found its way up the silvery Hudson, and with the finest equipment ever run and without change of cars, conveys passengers as no other line can, between Philadelphia,

Long Branch and New York,
through to the heart of the

Catskill Mountains

to Bloomville, stopping at principal stations en route, and connecting at Kingston with a most complete car line from points from and between Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, which conveys passengers to Saratoga and Lake George.

In addition to this popular mountain line a sleeping car service, par excellence, is in effect between New York, West Point, Albany, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Toronto, Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago and St. Louis.

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